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Poems and Essays.



THE
ISLE OF THE DEATHLESS,

WITH

Minor Poems.

ALSO,

SPARE MOMENTS;

OR,

Thoughts in Prose:

BY LOUISA SHAW,

AUTHORESS OF "ZULEIKA," AND OTHER POEMS.

"Once more the eternal melodies from far,
Woo me like Songs of home."—HEMANS.

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TO

MISS SMYTHE,

(OF LEAMINGTON,)

WHOSE VIRTUES ARE A FITTING SHRINE

FOR

THE RUDE, YET EARNEST OUTPOURINGS OF

A

Truth-loving Muse;

AND

TO WHOSE FRIENDSHIP AND KINDNESS

THE AUTHORESS

TAKES A PLEASURE IN ACKNOWLEDGING SHE OWES

AN EVERLASTING DEBT OF GRATITUDE,

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED.



P R E F A C E .

THE very act of publishing ones thoughts would seem to indicate a love of popularity—a desire for the world's applause, but with me, it is not so ; for although a few words of approval and encouragement from the good and wise, the warm-hearted and true, would be to me as a spring of water in the wilderness to the weary traveller ; or, as the rope thrown to the sinking mariner over the dark and boisterous billow ; yet, to be the idol of a crowd,—to have my name wafted abroad by the “Trumpet-tongue of Fame,” is not my object, for to echo one of the many beautiful sentiments of our own immortal Bard,—

“I hold the world, but as the world,—

A stage, where every man must play his part.”

The rose blooms in its marvellous beauty in the barren desert, undiscovered by man;—our sweetest songster, the Nightingale, seeks the secluded grove, the rude copse, from whence to pour his lays of enchanting melody. The precious pearl content in its homely oyster-dwelling, floats far away unseen in the depths of the dark blue ocean. The transparent lily is found in the lone and lowly vale; the meek violet too, hides herself from the passing gaze beneath the sheltering hedgerow, all alike unheedful of the “praise of men;” and my Muse would be well content to tread in the same path of glorious humility, to imitate so bright an example,—but “Duty” is the guide and watchword of this world’s Pilgrims, and I may not shrink from following its onward track. With a pure motive therefore to fortify the mind, and a right cause to inspire the soul with energy, I launch yet again, with a fearless hand, my treasure-laden Barque on the wild, and it may be treacherous wave; and whether the gale destined to bear it to the goal be smooth and prosperous, or rough and adverse, it can neither elate nor depress too much the heart that can whisper to itself with humble, but sweet assurance,

“My Father’s at the helm.”

To the disposal of a kind Providence I commit the welfare of my Volume, and though, perchance,

some ill-favoured weeds may be found amongst the few gems that adorn its pages, the Reader must be content, like the assiduous gold-seeker, to be annoyed at times with dust and rubbish, if he find but here and there a vein of the precious ore.

“In this hurrying and deceitful world, no page will be written utterly in vain which awakens one earnest or heavenward thought—one hope or one fear in the human heart.” Thus wrote the gifted but ill-fated MRS. MACLEAN, and emanating from such a source, I trust I may be excused for suffering such encouragement to have had its due weight in the publication of the present Volume; and to conclude in the words of a young Scottish Poet, also dead, but little known and less appreciated,—“For the rest, I have written my heart in my Poems, and rude, unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there.”

Warwick, March, 1850.

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THE

ISLE OF THE DEATHLESS:

CANTO I.

NOTE. (*) The following brief extract from a Work entitled "Irish Rivers," suggested the writing of "The Isle of the Deathless."
"Mingled with this remarkable Legend, (a preceding one,) is that beautiful one of 'Cambrensis,' not unconnected with the SHANNON, the 'Ursula Viventum,' or 'Island of the Undying.' Often people are afflicted with disease in it, says the Old Chronicler, and are almost in the agonies of death, yet such is denied them.—When all hope is at an end, however, and the sick wish not for a longer life of misery, they are put into a little Boat and wafted over to the Land that they may expire."

THE ISLE OF THE DEATHLESS.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

BYRON.

"The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recal a vision, which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep,—for in itself a thought—
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."

BYRON.

I saw in a dream the brilliant skies
Of a fabled earthly paradise,
An Isle of Beauty ! surpassing fair,
The treasures of earth seemed centred there ;
Its vales with perpetual verdure smiled,
In gazing the heart grew care-beguiled ;

And I in my dreamy, listless mood,
Saw in the depths of its solitude
Visions I fain would reveal to men—
Visions I ne'er may behold again.
Oh! there are dreams that leave behind
A lasting impress on the mind—
Speak they of Love, Hope, Fear, or Joy,
No after season may destroy
Their wondrous power, the woven spell
Whose mystic influence none may tell,
Of scenes revealed to flesh and sense,
And willed by High Omnipotence!
Thus Prophecy's bright wand is given
T' an arm of flesh by righteous Heav'n!
And whispered words of warning come
Like Angel-tones to lure us home:
Etherealized by dreams like these
We hear wings rustle in the breeze—
Amazed—inspired—we gaze around
On classic, pure, and holy ground;
Conversing with the inhabitants
Of other worlds, the spirit pants
With a new life unknown before,
Nor perfect till we reach the shore
Where dreamings here, transmuted be
To Beautiful Reality!

Beside me, (as with lightning glance,

I scanned the inner-world's romance,
And longed for revelations clear
Of all I saw, all I might hear ;)
A grave, yet placid being stood
Who seemed to guess my spirit's mood,—
For bending with a sad, sweet smile,
In deep soft tones he murmured low
“ Can I a mortal's care beguile—
Will you not shrink as others do
From me, the dread, the scourge of all,
Who the vast Globe terrestrial fill?
For where God's awful voice may call
There—there submissive to His will
Am I, Death's Angel: by the side
Of Guilt or Innocence I stand,
None, as you know, my power deride
Or can escape my blasting wand:
But sorely is my name belied
By the cold world's misjudging race,
Though some are found who there abide
That in my track a brightness trace,
These are the Meek, the Pure, and Holy,
The gems that light up Earth's dark mine,
Who live for Love and Duty wholly,
Yet for the palm-branch inly pine.
To the bereaved—the crushed—the lonely—
I am a Messenger of Love,
Sent from the Ark of Promise only

A charter to each trembling dove
Who finds the Waters of Affliction—
Nor slacken, nor abate on earth,
And seeks from Heaven with sweet conviction
Some token of Diviner birth !
But ah !—the Many shrink from me
As from a thing they loathe and scorn—
Though heirs of want and misery
And marked my prey from life's first dawn.
The Guilty—how they cringe and cower
Before the flashing of mine eye,
Writhe 'neath, yet madly curse my power,
And battle long with destiny.
The Guilty!—ah! 'tis them alone
That shrink from me with dastard fear,
I quell the lawless boaster's tone,
And check mad Folly's wild career :
These hate me,—why? Because I must
Them from the World's allurements sever ;
Remand their clay to kindred dust,
And bar them from its joys for ever.
Their name is Legion ! scarce a spot
Is from their soiled footprints free,
Like insects vile, whose crawlings blot
The path they press with infamy.
Yet fear not thou, but trust in me,
And bear, nor shrink, the world's disdain,—
For such I have a sympathy,

The Grave can ne'er such spirits chain.
And yon sweet Isle of love and light,
So richly decked with Eden flowers—
With landscapes fair, and vallies bright,—
Blue skies—sweet streams—and starry bowers—
It hath a gift surpassing all,
Ev'n immortality on earth :
Yea there my shadow may not fall
To dim one eye—to cloud one hearth.
Then come with me, and I will show
The workings of the human heart,—
Though but a Mortal, thou shalt know,
And share with me Diviner art ;
Come, come with me."—The last deep tone
Vibrated on my spirit lone,—
A music sad as moaning waves
That gently lave the shore's deep caves ;
Yet had it something of a spell,
Which soothed, subdued, and pleased me well.
The low winds scatt'ring autumn leaves,
Or playing 'mongst the harvest sheaves,
Would seem to symbolize the sound
I then distinctly heard around,
As, gently wafted through the air,
I 'lighted on that Island fair :—
And there a lovely landscape 'fore me lay,
'Neath the calm beauty of a sky serene ;
My roving eye could with delight survey

For many leagues the same inspiring scene.

I gazed around o'er woods, and dales, and hills,
O'er em'rald pastures of unnumbered shades ;

O'er banks of verdure fed by gushing rills,
O'er far dim forests with their opening glades ;

So boundless was the prospect which I saw,
Scarce the horizon seemed to curb my view,

And wild the thought, perverting Nature's law,
Which made me wish to pierce that bound'ry too :

For "ah !" I said, "can Eden be more fair
Than this sweet Island, with its dove-like calm ?

Here Peace, like Halcyon brooding o'er the deep,
Hovers to lull the soul with soothing balm."

A noble river rolled its silver stream
Hard by this Isle so bright in its repose,

Placid as infancy, e'er yet its dream
Is ruffled by Life's passions, or its woes !

Soft southern-breezes fanned my cheek and brow,
And wafted to my senses odours sweet ;

'Twas as Earth's choicest bowers had rifled been
To lay their fairest blossoms at my feet.

"Oh Heaven !" I murmured, "what a tranquil lot
Must theirs be found whose tents are pitch'd here—

The world forgetting—by the world forgot !
No room for envy, and no cause for fear.

The feuds and discords of contending states,
Wild disaffection's hoarse unmeasured tone

Resound not here ;—unknown the woe that waits

A rebel people, round a tott'ring throne :

The sun arises on no monarch here

With glitt'ring diadem his brow upon,

From whom, e'er closed is the Sun's brief career,
Crown, sceptre, throne, and name may all be gone :

Ah ! no, Sweet Isle ! mutations like to these

Bid not a shadow o'er thy vallies lour,

Pride lives not where Simplicity can please,

And all is Peace, with none to strive for power !

My musings past, I glanced aside

Where stood in majesty my guide—

A spirit passed from worlds unknown,

To speak of hidden things to one,

Who, though an Atom in the Chain,

Had yet a Soul—nor heard in vain.

For the first time an icy chill

Ran idly through my veins, as still

I saw the stately vision nigh,

So phantom like, yet broad and high.

I gazed on the unearthly face

So shadowy dim, yet could I trace

In its expression calm—subdued,

A depth of mournful fortitude ;

'Twould seem as if the death-bed tone

A shadow o'er the form had thrown—

As if the dying glance was seen

Reflected in the look and mien ;

But ah ! the finger pointing hence,

Conveys my thoughts to time and sense.

I saw within a rosy bower—
Screened from the heat of noon's bright hour,
A mother with her first-born child ;
The boy was fair,—the mother mild,—
And over both a charm was thrown
Whose power the gazer's heart must own ;
But all description faint would seem
To realize so fair a theme ;
A *PHYSCHÉ* she, brimful of joy,
(And sure such mirth can ne'er destroy ;)
A *Cupid* he, arch,—roguish,—sweet,—
With dimpled hands,—and fairy feet :
Above, around, beneath them there,
The skies were bright—life, earth was fair—
Yet not from thence the mother drew
The secret of the bliss she knew,
It was her light of life, above
All other joys an earthly love.
She called her boy, the sweet child ran
And clasped her neck with tiny span,
How playfully she threw aside
Each golden tress, her fond heart's pride,
Then nearer drew, kissed his white brow,
Ah! she is gazing mutely now
In his full-orb'd, yet childish eyes,
Which seal a world of mysteries—

Mysteries she may never scan
Until the child become the man.
Yet deem not she a storm-cloud sees,
Or hears woe whisper in the breeze ;
Ah ! no, her fond heart blindly weaves
A woof of rainbow coloured leaves,
And 'neath the gilded tissue's dome
She rears her Idol's future home.
Her love has such intensity
She recks not of idolatry ;
The cherub nestling to her breast,
His cheek to hers so closely prest,
She asks for love, and love replies
With pouting lips and laughing eyes,
Alas ! that Mother all forgot—
Save love, and her undying lot ;
To her how fair Life's brilliant page,
Theirs was a deathless heritage.

What shifting scenes doth life disclose !
What varied tints enrich the rose !
The rose is beautiful—and life
Hath many scenes with beauty rife.
I saw the solemn finger move
Past fairy homes of light and love ;
Sportive children, flower bands wreathing,
Happy lovers, heart-hopes breathing,
Old age without its helplessness,

And youth in all its loveliness.
Here a foaming torrent fell
In sunny vale or mossy dell,
There a crystal fountain lay,
Reflected in the eye of day.
And now it paused—where rose on high,
A stately Castle's hoary towers,
Frowning sublime in majesty
O'er reckless Time's destroying powers.
And there, within a spacious room
'Tricked out with flowers, faint with perfume,
Upon a couch superb reclined—
A gentle Girl of placid mind,
Of that sweet stamp, which tutor'd right,
Would lend a Seraph to our sight,—
Alas! that aught of earth should cling
Around so meek—yet bright a thing!
But oh! how much of Heaven's own ray
A spirit pure leaves on its way;
As rich scent on a garment poured
Will long its fragrant sweets afford,
All in that wide apartment told
The owner lavish of his gold,
No Turkish loom could weave with care
An article more rich and rare
Than that whose rainbow tints around
Gaily festooned, enriched the ground—
Mirrors of various shape and size,

Reflected Beauty's sparkling eyes—
And burnished lamps, with lustre bright
To gild the pageant of the night;
And costly cabinets inlaid
With precious stones of peerless worth,
Were with the pomp of wealth displayed
To make the soul in love with earth.
'Twas splendour all! books,—music,—flowers,
In gay profusion graced the scene,
And well I marked in these bright hours
The lovely—graceful Heroine,—
Arising from her cushioned slumbers
A gentle glance around she throws,
Then, like a bending lily, numbers
The waxen foldings of a rose;
And then, with impulse new, she hastened
To grasp her lute with snowy finger,
And much of love—deep, pure and chastened,
In melody escaped the singer.
I gazed on her Seraphic face,
Till for a GUIDO's Art divine
I sighed, that I might sweetly trace,
And make it ever—ever mine.—
And I forgot 'twas but a dream,
A vision fading from the view,—
Yet what is Life? a transient gleam,
A dream as fleet—as fading too!

* * * * *

And now that gilded room contained
A noble, high-born glitt'ring throng,
Gliding where mirth and music reigned,
Like painted butterflies along—
Light as the airy thistle-down
Whose fairy wheel the Zephyrs greet,
And gaily waft from leaf to flower,
In idle, aimless bliss, complete:
And such their life who tread the path,
Which pleasure opens to the view;
No higher aims their being hath,
To cheer when false joys bid adieu.
But she, the bright star of the night,—
Whose beauty seemed to greet mine eye,
Like a smooth landscape soft and light,
When passed some gaudy garden by,
I saw within a dim recess—
From the gay flutt'ring crowd apart—
Love heightened her meek loveliness
With rays reflected from the heart;
For He, the hope of her young soul,
The Star to which it ever turned,
The light, the source, the bliss, the goal,
Of all the thoughts that in her burned—
Was pouring in her gentle ear
His own impassioned, tender tale,
Her dark eye glistened with a tear—
Her lily cheek grew yet more pale,

As like the gushing melody
With which the song-bird woos his mate,
His honied accents soft and free,
Cemented well the chains of Fate.
Oh! rapture hath a brimming urn,
Like grief the meek heart to o'erflow,
Silent and deep true passions burn,
As smothered fires the fiercer glow:
And there are moments that are worth
Ages of ordinary life,
When germs long dormant blossom forth
At once with being—beauty—rife.
Oh, Love! maturer of the mind,
Well didst thou play thy subtle part,
Bravely thy potent arts combined
To fling a spell o'er that pure heart;
And she was happy,—life with her
Was but a path with rose leaves strewed,—
No craving want, no aching void,
No clinging faith to be subdued.
The stately Castle's fragrant flower,
Heiress of all her proud sire's gold,
Basking 'neath fond Affection's power,
Whose rainbow banner brightly told
Of Happiness, deep, perfect, pure—
And ah! on Earth, Immortal too;
Like Heav'n, whose joys for aye endure,
Death's shadow, dimmed not Life's long view.

“Tis well,” I cried, ‘neath smiling skies,
Mirrored in Lakes as lovely too,
All—all of earthly good we prize
Within our grasp, what should we do
But revel in the beam that flings
Its light’ning gleam upon our way,
Heedless of those ethereal wings
With which the soaring spirit may,
Casting aside the dust that clings
To earth’s dull garb, reach endless day?

In a deep grove my silent guide
Next halted; and I saw beside
A gurgling stream, a valley bright—
And when on our first Parent’s sight
Bright Eden in its beauty burst,
Methinks no warmer glow he nurst,
Than the deep solemn joy which fell
On my wrapt soul in that sweet dell.
Oh! Nature’s loveliness inspires
The unwarped mind with high desires;
A flower, a leaf can plume the wing,
Bid thought awake, the Poet sing,
And never shall his Lyre be still,
While her loud myriad voices thrill.
And life in this sequestered vale—
Love-lit, methought would tell a tale:

The gushing streams sung to the day,
And wild-birds echoed back the lay,
And brightly did the sunbeams rest
On this green Valley's quiet breast;
The very atmosphere was fraught
With the mind's food—a spell for thought.
Softly the light breeze travelled on,
Nor stopped to rest a leaf upon,
A hush—a calm—a power was there,
Too deep for song,—but not for prayer;
And gazing round I sought to trace
Some Anchorite's abiding place,—
But ah! no rock-hew'd cave I found
Where stern austerities abound,
And tortures self-inflicted, fling
A shade o'er Mercy's shelt'ring wing.
An humble homestead, clad in green,
Enriched this bright enchanting scene,
But sheltered from the prying gaze
Of idle Curiosity,
Even as Merit shrinks from praise
Which bears the dross of flattery,—
So stood this little flower wreathed cot,
In so remote, yet sweet a spot;
So interlaced around—above—
With pensile foliage of the grove,
You might have deemed it the abode
Of airy sylph,—or sylvan god.

One glance within, sufficed to tell
“Here Love and Genius sweetly dwell.”
There in the centre of a room
In all the pride of manhood’s bloom,
Before an easel sate a form
Which well had braved a mountain storm,
Erect and proud, —with eagle glance
Which spoke the brightness of the trance
Moving within his earnest heart,
A theme for his creative art;
And long he brooded o’er the thought,
Till with maturity ’twas fraught,
Then seized the brush, the canvas placed,
And soon with life and beauty graced;
Fresh, glowing ’neath the Artist’s hand,
As touched by a Magician’s wand—
The dull unmeaning cloth became
A thing t’ illustrate deeds of fame;
Mind-gemmed, thought-traced, ’twas to the eye
A dream of works which may not die,
By RAPHAEL’S master-pencil wrought,
Or a bright inspiration caught
From ANGELO,—in the deep mood
Which he best loved, thoughtful—subdued.
Beside him, as the task he loved
’Neath his progressive touch improved,
Was one whose fond devotedness,
Bright spirit, perfect loveliness,

Endeared the Eden where he dwelt,
And made its radiant beauty felt,—
The gentle partner of his life,
A very Eve,—a pattern wife;
And never Heathen to the shrine
Whose oracles he deems divine,
Or Turkish pilgrim, bends the knee
With more entire idolatry,
When the loud cry—"To Prayer!" "To Prayer!"
Sounds faintly through the desert air.—
The smile which on his proud lip curled,
Reflected on her cheek became,
He filled her heart, that heart her world;
She owned for him no meaner flame
Than that a Royal Consort proved,
Who to preserve the life she loved,
With her own pure lips—fond and true,
The venom from the deep wound drew,
Heedless if from those veins 'twere thrown
To burn and rankle in her own.
Oh! but a small and tranquil stream
Is Woman's love 'neath sunbright skies,
But if a cloud o'er shade the beam,
A thousand springs that stream supplies;
The dove's mild nature only seen
When soft and calm the Zephyrs blow,
But hers the Falcon's heart and mien,
When they to rampant whirlwinds grow;

And such the spirit of her mind
Who fanned the high Promethean fire,
Whose chains awhile could Genius bind,
And tame each volatile desire.
I saw beside this Paradise,
Where Love and Genius made their home,
A broad oak tow'ring to the skies,
As if to reach the far blue dome ;
And round its giant frame entwined
The tendrils of the graceful vine,
Love aiding Genius' soaring mind
To rend the veil from Truth divine :
"And ah !" I said, "This Isle of Light—
With fruits and flowers of Eden blest,
Cannot restrain fond Genius' flight—
E'en here it pants for nobler rest."

Here life a brighter flag unfurled
Than in our dim and work-day world,
No carking cares the mind oppress,
Possession lulled it into rest ;
Possessed of all the heart could crave,
Nor fearing e'en the gaping grave,
Sure happiness must thrive and shoot,
No worm—no mildew at the root,
No blighting sun to sear the fruit.
Absorbed in silent reverie—

On much still wrapt in mystery,
I yet could feel, as with my guide
The solemn Azrael at my side,
And borne by supernatural power
By castle, cot, and leafy bower,
How much of light the soul may win
By gazing on another's sin;
And much of tender pity woke
For those who bent beneath its yoke;
I envied not their bright career.

I sighed not for their length of days,
No! still be mine the mourner's tear—

The life of Penitence and Praise.

I saw the purple shadows play

Upon the mountains wild and high,
And glancing in the sun's bright ray

The gorgeous insects flitting by :

I saw the blossoms, buds, and flowers

Of ev'ry shape and ev'ry hue,

The twinkling leaves, the starry bowers,

The earth so green, the sky so blue,

Primeval beauty seemed to fling

A living light o'er ev'rything,

And bright Perfection stamp'd the whole

Leaving nought rayless—save the soul.

And long might thought have rested here,

Mid scenes which breathe alone of Heaven,

But ah! the inner world's career

So bound to earth—so filled with leaven,
Recalled it from a theme so fair;

And gazing on my guide's sad face,
I saw a deeper shadow there,

It was not wrath, but sorrow's trace,
And holy are the drops that well

From the heart's fountain pure and lone,
When others' errors seal the spell

It mourns o'er sorrows not its own ;
Such grief in angels too must be,
Their fame; through all eternity.

* * * * *

I saw within a chamber low,

By one small taper dimly lighted,
An aged form, whose withered brow,

In vain bespoke his hopes benighted ;
His face was long, his cheeks were hollow,

And hoar hairs told time had not spared him,
But well content in dust to wallow,

Its footprints deep had failed to scare him ;
For lank and long, and lean and bony,

His limbs were helpless, shrunk, and wasted,
But Hybla still poured forth its honey,

And still the hungry dotard feasted.
A trusty staff his chief supporter,

All other aid he coldly spurned,
Though one fair Girl, his only daughter,
To lie within his bosom yearned.

Poor child! in vain she watched and waited

On him throughout the live long day,

Love, holy love,—the true, the fated,

Held in her soul a deathless sway,—

But he, the blind, the narrow-hearted,

The spirit-dulled, the cramped, the cold,

From Life's sweet influences started,

Enough for him to hug his gold.

'Twas midnight,—and the glitt'ring treasure

Before his eager eyes was spread,

A shining heap, oh! beyond measure

Was this vain idol worshipp'd.

Before this god his icy heart

Melted like dewdrops in the sun—

'Twas Life's Elixir! its best part,

The good of all goods nobly won.

The coin he counted o'er and o'er,

Then chuckling with delight surveyed

The gilded pile, then sighed for more,

His withered palm wide open laid,

To clutch the bright forthcoming store

By Fancy's mockeries betrayed.

'Twas strange to see that hoar old man,

Revelling in Utopian dreams,

To hear how his soul's musings ran

Alone on golden, gainful themes ;

'Twas sad to see that hard old man

Repulse his child with withering glance

Yet mark him in the dark hour scan
With kindling eye, in blissful trance,
The lucre vile.—Alas! for him
All other joys waxed cold and dim,
This, this alone, the lamp, the ray
Which lit his dark and lengthened day.
A low, shrill laugh assailed my ear,
A thrilling and unearthly sound,—
Those glitt'ring eyes,—ah! was it fear?
I shuddered as I gazed around;
For, in the dim and murky gloom,
Which shrouded half that darkened room,
Methought grim ministers of ill
Were waiting on their victim's will:
But why that laugh which fearfully
Broke on the solemn ear of night?
Fierce with exultant extacy,—
Why beamed those wierd-like eyes so bright?
Oh! mem'ry warmed the old man's heart,
His hoarded treasure ne'er would flee,
Death could not bid his joys depart,
So woven with Futurity.
Adown Time's vista he could gaze,
Radiant with bright perspective rays;
Death, with its vale of shadows dim,
Was but a thought of scorn to him:—
Upwards, he never cast his eye,
Nor down, for he thought ne'er to die;

'Twas mockery,—let the weary rest,
His happy soul supremely blest,
Had gained the sole Elysian sphere
That to his fettered view was dear.
He saw the sunbeam gild the flower,
Bright shadows on the green hills lie,
He heard birds carol from their bower,
And sweet streams gush in music by—
In vain ; upon the path he trod,
Light from the Paradise of God—
Had fall'n unheeded ; gold, bright gold ;
Clasped in many a shining fold
Each slavish sense,—and hour by hour,
The dull torpedo touch had power
Even from youth, to rivet fast
The chains then forged for aye to last.

'Twas past ;—and on aërial wing
With sable garments fluttering
In the night breeze, I saw him rise,
My angel-guide, unto the skies ;
I watched him soar with wing of might,
Till a dense cloud concealed from sight,
The form, which clad in softened guise,
I erst had hailed with glad surprise,—
Nor shrunk, though my heart ice became
When told his world-wide hated name,—

The "King of Terrors!" "Tyrant!" "Foe!"
Whose will but worketh mortals woe,
Oh! not so stern a monarch he
In these my wand'rings seemed to me;
His faint adieu, my ears retain,
The words—"We yet shall meet again,"
Like tones of love from spheres remote,
My ling'ring heart with sadness smote,
With power its firmest chords to rend,
Like the fond "Farewell" of a friend.

And happy they, who gaze on Death's sad face,
Until they long the Phantom to embrace;
To whom his Message comes, devoid of gloom,
Hailed as a Passport to a brighter doom!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE

,

ISLE OF THE DEATHLESS:

CANTO II.

THE
ISLE OF THE DEATHLESS.

"TELL me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
Where, in Creation's wide domains,
Can perfect bliss be found?

The birds wild carol'd over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And Nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew!

I questioned Virtue,—Virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense;
Nor Virtue was her name, she cried—
But humble Penitence!

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow;
Vice boasted loud and well:
But, fading from her pallid brow
The venom'd roses fell."

BISHOP HEEBER.

I stood again on that fairy shore,
But methought full twenty years or more
The golden sands of Time had run,
Since there I gazed on the beaming sun;
My panting heart with strange delight
Returned again to scenes so bright,—

Impatient the effects to trace
Of Time upon this favoured race ;
Had he, old Time, no trophies won,
To wreath around his hoary brow,
When all beside, beneath the sun
Neath his decaying touch must bow ?
Had he no footmarks planted here,
Scathed no warm hearts in his career,
Or still unwithered, frem and free,—
Did they joy in Perpetuity ?
Did earthly vanities still hold
Within—an undivided sway,—
Did Mammon with his chains of gold,
Still hold the monster Death at bay ?
And Love,—the purest, sweetest gem
From Heaven's o'erflowing treasury won,
Oh ! was it Earth's best diadem,
Or did it wound in passing on ?
An eager glance around I threw,
For ev'ry rood of ground I knew ;
Still Nature wore a changeless face,
Deck'd with the light of Summer's grace,
As fair a sky,—as bright a beam—
Was there to gild as cool a stream.
Still em'rald verdure clothed the hills,
Which sheltered still the tinkling rills ;
Bird, flower, and grot with beauty—mirth—
Embellish'd still this Heav'n on earth,

And all the same gay aspect wore
As Fancy pictured it of yore.
But soon my heart too human, grew
Wearied e'en in these pathways bright,—
We must our Nature fall'n renew
Ere we can joy in Eden's light:
Alas! I sighed for Winter's gloom,
Anything but this endless bloom,
Yet praise was on my lips,—I thought
Upon the land from whence I came,
Where Nature's laws with wisdom fraught,
Dare e'en the Rebel's heart to blame;
Methinks the Beautiful to be
Perfect, must find its like within,—
Where souls from human passions free,
A Life celestial begin.

And now I sought the dewy bower
Where I beheld the bud and flower;
The bower remained,—the bud was flown,—
The flower was left to weep alone.
Weep, did I say? Yea, even so,
The bitt'rest source of human woe
Well'd in that fond yet blinded heart:
The serpent in our path may start
Aside, and we unwounded live,
But a child's ingratitude can rive

A parent's heart with keener pangs
Than the fell tiger's ruthless fangs
Could e'er inflict,—and such was hers
Hear, oh ye idol worshippers !
All day along the flow'ry way
She taught his childish feet to stray,
One false step call'd forth all her care,
And filled her quick soul with despair ;
All night upon her bosom laid,
She woke to watch, caress, and aid,
His feeblest cry would cause distress,
His faintest smile had power to bless.

And bliss indeed was hers awhile,
Alas ! not long it lives on earth,

Love thrives not in so harsh a soil,
How fair and pure soe'er its birth ;

No sooner does the germ begin
To root and settle in the heart,
Than evil influences win
Their way,—and rend the fond apart.

Oh ! fair and pure as the shell-bound pearl,
In the depths of ocean gliding,—

Precious and bright as the sparkling ore
In the mountain's bosom hiding,—

Is a mother's dear and holy love,
Winning its light from the world above,

But alas ! the meekest passion
If fed and fostered to excess—

Like the rock which vessels dash on,
But causes ruin and distress.
The petted boy to manhood grew,
Tall and fair to human view,
But like the dainty garden flower
That scarce can bear a summer shower,
And 'neath the hurtling storm-cloud lies
Prostrated,—never more to rise,—
The minor ills of Life to him
Seemed Sorrow's cup fill'd to the brim ;
Fretful, and pining o'er his fate,—
Sad, moody, and disconsolate
He wandered forth ;—like Cain he fled—
By wild impetuous impulse led,
A home whose beauty-beaming rays
Might well obtain an Angel's praise ;
A mother's anxious—earnest care
For ruthless ruin,—dark despair.
But let us to that mother turn,
And mark the thoughts that in her burn,—

A wreck, a ruin was she now,
The Shadow of the Substance fled !

Yea, Time and Grief upon her brow
Their dark decaying blight had spread.

Like a sered leaf,—lowly lying,
Struck by the wild autumn blast,—

A fragment of a wreck,—defying
The threatening waves, and skies o'ercast !

She lived—a wretched care-worn thing,
One hope alone had power to fling
A ray of light athwart the gloom,
Darker,—far darker than the tomb,—
He might return;—but day by day
This hope had dwindled quite away;
And month by month, and year by year,
In her dim eye was seen the tear,
Till like fair NIOBE of old,
A living statute, death-like, cold,
Did she become : and then she heard—
(Cold lips are prompt to speak the word
We would not hear,)—how he had sought
After long years, crime-stained, guilt-fraught,
The Boat of Death, * to waft him o'er,
When crime and guilt exult no more.
And then, oh ! what was Life to her ?
Though lengthened till the day of doom,
Could an undying lot restore
The past's bright joys to heart and home ?
Oh ! had Fate shed ONE bright'ning beam
To gild anew Hope's sunset ray,
Nor left her lone, to ford the stream
Of desolation,—and decay,—
She might have borne her load of life,
Conscious that on Seraphic wing
Her soul had pass'd the floods of strife,
When Time and Worlds were vanishing :

But 'twas not so, and lone indeed,
And dark, and dim, and dead, the soul
That cannot in its hour of need
See beck'ning from the far off goal

Some little star, whose orbit bright
Traced by fond Fancy's fairy wand,
A beacon seems to brighter light
Hid in the countless worlds beyond.

I felt my soul within me sink
As thus I read the human heart,
And bitterly I sighed to think
How with it Time had played his part.
I shrunk from Nature's smiling face,
For ah! the beauty, life, and grace
Which met my view on ev'ry side
The sad heart's change seemed to deride;
And on I went,—I could not bear
That mourner's look of fixed despair;

And soon my wand'ring spirit neared
A moated mansion, dark and hoar,

Whose castellated towers appeared
Pride's haughty emblem as of yore.—

Here, too, the forest leaves were green,
Were they a type of that sweet flower

Whose early high career had been
So simply meek in lordly bower?

Or was the human heart alone,
The butt for Time's usurping rod,

Was he, since Death no power could own
Th' avenging Minister of God?

In that saloon, superbly gay,
Where first those silv'ry tones I heard,

I looked, and ah ! but yesterday
It seemed, since on each gentle word
My soul absorbed in gladness hung,
And admiration chained my tongue ;
She was not there,—but nothing changed,
The very furniture arranged
With studied ease, yet courting show,
Was as it had been long ago.

Did Fancy mock my listening ear,
Or did some melody pass by ?

The Zephyr's breath, low, sad, and clear,
Or gentle Pity's plaintive sigh ?

As such it seemed to greet me then,
A sad presentiment of woe ;

To trouble born, the sons of men
On earth no real bliss can know.

And what a mockery is pride —
With all its pomp, parade, and show,—

How oft its tinsel trappings hide
A wretched heart,—a home of woe !

How vain the fair, false glitter seems
To the pale Pilgrim on his way

Through this dim, dying World of dreams,
To bright, substantial, endless day !

How idle to the mourner who
Hath drained Woe's brimming chalice deep—
But tend'ring 'neath the darkling yew
His soul to God, forgets to weep !

Within an oratory small—

Before a crucifix, low kneeling,
Nor decked out for a festival,

But all her inmost heart appealing
To Him, whose ray cheers Sorrow's hour,
Gilds the bright sun, and tints the flower,
Was she I sought ;—and from her prayer
I gleaned that hours of dark despair—
That shame, and bitterness, and strife
Had mingled in her draught of life ;
That founts which once could honey yield,
But gall and wormwood had revealed ;
That streams bright, limpid, fair of old,
Had grown to petrifications cold ;
That stars which promised ne'er to set,
Had long been hid 'neath clouds of jet ;
That from bright blossoms light had fled,
Hueless, scentless, rayless, dead,
They grew in Sorrow's tear-dimm'd hour ;
Ah ! 'tis the heart and not the flower
That changes 'neath the cold World's power,
That colours all where it may rest,

Making it dim, or bright and blest.

Yet well that pure and noble heart

Had played the Christian maiden's part,

In meek forbearance, suff'ring long

Injustice, scorn, oppression, wrong,—

Her only weapons—kindness, love,

And Charity's sweet gentle deeds,—

Prayer, borne on wings of Faith above
To HIM, who for Earth's meek ones pleads,
And early round the Father's throne
Gathers the gems HE calls His own.

Yea, in Earth's deepest crucible,
Her true and loving heart was tried,

Oh wildly broke the Avalanche
Which crushed the sweet flower in its pride ;

But ev'ry grief relaxed the chain
That bound her Heav'n-born spirit here,—

Which panted with deep yearning pain
To rove at will a wider sphere :

So much of Heaven was in her eye
Methought its glance had pierced the sky,
And back to earth conveyed the light
That flashes from a Seraph's bright ;

So much of peace was on her brow,
You must have deemed her fully blest,

Oh ! holy as a Vestal's vow—
The dove-like quiet of her breast.

Earth, with its power, its passions seemed

Like a wild, fearful vision past,—

A beacon from the far mount gleamed,
And she had gained its height at last.

“But one flight more,” she softly sighed,—

“And I shall see the clouds divide

Beyond this wasting, crumbling sphere,

Lo! Heav’n’s celestial gates appear

To the poor Pilgrim, whose worn feet

Have cast Earth’s clinging dust away,

And silent from her lone retreat

Hears the wild dash of wave and spray,

Heedless how Time’s rude surges beat

Since storm, nor tempest, nor decay

Can sweep her soul’s firm trust away.

No more deceived by visions sweet,—

By idols formed of dust and clay,

Ev’n the bright mirage cannot cheat,

Nor glitt’ring moonlight picture day,

To whom on earth all shadowy seems

A shore of wrecks,—a land of dreams!

Unreal, airy, vain and fleet,—

Life’s dearest bliss is incomplete.

Affection! Heav’n’s immortal child,

To bless wayfarers on the wild,

In mercy sent, just waves her wings

To wake the heart’s imaginings,—

Just breathes of melody a sound

To make of earthly,—holy ground:

Then back within the veil she flies
Beyond the Everlasting skies ;
In vain the pining spirit mourns,
No more th' Angelic lure returns,
But from the realms of light and love
She beckons the lorn soul above.
Father of Light ! I come ! I come !
Oh take thy wayworn wanderer home.”
Then silence reigned,—so still, so calm,
'Twas bliss ;—the very air with balm
Was laden,—such the power, the spell
Mind purified, into the well
Of harder hearts, passing can fling ;
With it a PRESENCE seems to dwell,
Which bids all worldly thoughts take wing,
And back the travelled softly come,
Breathing the atmosphere of HOME.

A golden sunbeam, warm and bright,
Shed through the richly tinted pane,
A holy, meek, and chastened light,
Into this consecrated fane ;
It rested on her snowy brow,
Revealed the pure transparent tear,
Which sealed the meek heart's fervid vow,
A vow which none but God might hear.
Visions of martyred saints arose,

Of holy women, who had trod—

In sufferance meek, through rampant foes,
The thorny path which leads to God.

A guiltless Magdalen was she,
Bright in unsullied purity,

Bent with the weight of earthly ill,
Yet joyous 'neath her burden still:

A calm, deep, chastened, heartfelt joy,

The moonlight of the soul, whose beam
No passing snowdrift may destroy,

Nor cat'ract 'whelm in Lethe's stream.

I could have lingered on for aye,

Beneath an influence so sweet,—

But, ah ! how vain, away ! away !

While yet I pondered, softly fleet—
The Vision faded

And I stood

Bewildered at the sudden change,
In the far depths of the wild wood,—

Left as 'twould seem at will to range.

The fair blue hyacinth aside,

Once plucked by me with fondest pride,
I brushed ; and on the violet

Its petals with bright dewdrops wet,
A cold and hurried glance I flung ;

I might not idly loiter yet,
My woodland favourites among ;

Another, higher task was mine—

Though it were sweet, and very dear,
'Neath graceful birch, or lordly pine,
A glitt'ring fairy wreath to twine,
Of sweet wild buds and blossoms near.
And now the Artist's leafy cot
I sought,—alas! I found it not;
But on its well remembered site
A stately mansion met my sight,—
Pride whispered "Genius," and it grew
Too high in lowly home to dwell,—
Forgetting in a zeal so new
The noblest minds to nature true,
Can dignify the meanest cell;
And happy there, serenely draw
Bliss from Content's bright limpid well,
The proud, the cold, may never tell.
With sad, unmixed regret I saw
The change a vain ambition wrought;
But Peace fled with Simplicity,
And splendour had been dearly bought:
'Tis ever thus—we seek to gain
Some fleeting good, to make us blest,
Nor reck how much of dust and stain,
We in the world's rude press obtain,
To be of this our prize possess;
'Tis ours,—and lo! the charm is fled,—
Its rainbow hues all vanish'd.
E'en as the sunset clouds of even,

Which brightly gild the far-off Heaven,
Dissolve, and lose their robes of light,
Chased by the murky wing of night,—
Had fled the Artist's dreams of bliss,
Touched by the Proteus' wand of Time,
Wealth, splendour, fame,—all these were his,
Yet on his glitt'ring path I wis,
The "trail of the serpent" none could miss;
His joys were crushed in their fairest prime,
And died, like flowers in my native clime.

He saw the shining bubbles burst,
The worm on his bright gourd preying,—

Hopes sweet and dear, long fed and nurst,
Lie within his grasp, decaying;
And the aching void in his bosom grew
Stronger in power, and deeper in hue :
No green spot on earth his soul could find,
Its quenchless yearnings to tame and bind ;

Restless, aspiring, thirsting still,
Like a bird in the desert o'erta'en,
Which pines for a pure, rock-gushing rill,
To still his heart-pantings in vain.

Alas ! alas ! for the gifted mind,
With its glimpses of rainbow light,

Oh ! how should the world's harsh fetters bind,
With so much of Heaven in sight ?

Within a splendid Studio deck'd

With noble works of art,
I found him, with a spirit wreck'd,
Yet earnest still of heart,
Before the beatific scene
His pencil had pourtrayed—
Where the departing SAVIOUR shone
In glory bright arrayed ;
A cloud concealed Him from the gaze
Of the Apostles there ;
And clouds and mists still shroud His rays,—
The Infinitely fair.
Oh ! much and long the gazer mused
With eager heart and eye,
As gaze the home-sick o'er the wave
Where far, fond wishes fly.
And whither can the ardent soul
Which Love and Genius fires,
From Earth's frail broken cisterns turn
With its unquenched desires ?
The terrene world is beautiful,
But mind surcharged will flee,
Eager to view the gorgeous lamp
Which lights Eternity !
Nor can the mammon-loving crowd,—
The pleasure-seeking throng,
With capabilities endowed
To wrestle with the strong ;
To jostle in the tumult wild,

To trample on the meek,—
And leave the tear of Grief's lone child
Undried upon the cheek;—
Who Life's responsibilities
Hold lightly or despise,
And coldly view the shattered links
Which held its sweetest ties:—
Such world-encrusted hearts ne'er know
What finer spirits feel,
Or how Heaven's boundless rivers flow
To quicken human zeal :
How the adoring, earnest heart
With high conceptions full,
Waits anxious for the Cloud to part
Which veils the Beautiful.
How even here the ransomed soul
Is bathed in glory's light,
While panting to attain the Goal
Where dwells the Infinite !
A veil of mystery was thrown
Over the Painter's woes,
Nor might expressive look or tone
Their nature aught disclose :
And vainly did I seek again
That graceful form to see,
Which well enriched his humble cot,
With fond fidelity.
Alas ! the heart hath much of blight,—

The lips may never breathe ;
The rose looks fair to human sight,
 While canker lurks beneath ;
Enough,—he suffered,—this to know
 Sufficeth ev'ry feeling heart,
The gale of Pity fans the brow,
 Nor waits to probe the inward smart.

And now no sound the silence broke,
 Thought—thought was busy in my brain,
But breaking from its mystic yoke,
 A change came o'er my dream again.
Again I saw that chamber small,
 Within whose narrow bounds of yore,
One abject Spirit made its home,
 Whose earth-bound wing could never' soar.
With feelings reverent we see
A hoary pile,—an aged tree,—
Prized in a world marked by decay,
As relics of an olden day ;
As landmarks 'twixt the Past's seal'd doom,
And the dim Future yet to come,
Stamp'd with the dross of fleeting fame
Yet bright with the Creator's name ;
And honoured be the hoary head,
When the Light on our pathway shed
Hath pierced the fleshly veil of sin,
And fed the immortal spark within.

When like a ship at anchor lying,
The howling blast and storm defying,
The time-worn Pilgrim hails the foe,
Whose dart shall lay his victim low.
But likeness to the meaner race
In man, Creation's lord, we trace,
When deadened is each finer sense,
By the cold World's Omnipotence:
When furrowed brow, and fading eye,
And mind of wasted energy
Still lick the dust, and bend the knee
To darkness, and idolatry.
Here, as I scanned Creation's plan,
I saw how vile a thing is man ;—
Akin to Angels—spirit free,
His heritage—Eternity ;
Gifted with powers to span the sky,
Yet lifting not a glance on high ;
Content to grovel on the earth,
With soulless things of meanest birth,
And quench of endless bliss the germ,
To boast his kindred with the worm !
Alas ! ev'n such an one was he
Whom yet again my destiny
Bade me behold,—and fain would I
On such a scene have closed mine eye,
But this might not be, 'twas my lot,—
Nor are such dreamings soon forgot.

Alone,—and oh ! how much of grief

 This one word can pourtray,

Alone,—with none to bring relief

 This wretched being lay ;

Alone !—how utterly alone !

 His own wild words could tell,

As in a deep, sepulchral tone,

 From livid lips they fell ;

In murmurs from a sinful heart,

 Thankless for blessings given,

Content to act the traitor's part,

 'Gainst the Majesty of Heav'n !

But why within that narrow room,

 So closely pent and dim,

Where not the faintest sunbeam can,

 Cast a glad ray on him ?

The landscape's gentle, busy scene,

 So full of spirit life,

Might well beguile a fev'rish dream—

 Quench the soul's burning strife.

Alas ! the purer joys of earth

 Move not the darkened mind,

And now no flower for him hath birth,

 That hard Old Man is—Blind !

But wherefore on that mattress low,

 That wretched, loathsome bed,

Where not a breath of Heav'n can blow,

 To cool the fever'd head ?

'Twere surely better, though the eye
See not the vernal bloom,
To hear the rippling waters nigh,—
Inhale the flowers' perfume ;
To list the wind-waved forest leaves,
The song-birds' witching strain ;
To feel the green-sward 'neath the feet,
And dream youth back again.
Alas ! unusual torpor lay
Upon each wasted limb,
A dire disease had wrought decay,
And age had palsied him.—
The burthen of twice fifty years
Had cast his hopes in shade,
Had changed his heart's best blood to tears,
And bade him shriek for aid ;
And through the long and dreary hours,
The spirit's frantic breath,
(No bootless boast of human powers,)
Prayed—madly prayed for—Death.

Ay ! he, that ancient man, who thought
To cheat Death of his prey,
Who Immortality had sought
For unenduring clay,—
Was fain in this his agony,
With humbled breath to plead ;

Unto a life-long slighted power,
From misery to be freed.
But ah ! no shelt'ring wing was near
To bear the soul away,
And still a thing of guilt and fear
This hoar earth-lover lay.
Beside him shone the glitt'ring dust,
Yea, t'was a goodly store,
Gathered to feed his own vile lust,
Which cried, "Give," evermore !
But bright and boundless as it seemed,
Its power had waned at last,
And round the shattered Idol gleamed
A mockery of the past.
I glanced me from the shining dross
Unto the writhing clay,
And marvelled aught so vain could cross,
Or tempt the Soul to stray ;
That round an earth-god vile and mean,
Far-seeing man should twine
Hope's brilliant wreath of evergreen,—
As 'twere a thing divine.

As Pilgrims on a lonely waste
Survey the 'scene with dread,
And onward press with fev'rish haste,
A star to hail,—a stream to taste ;

As guerdon sweet for horrors past,
 Hope's purer ray to shed,
So sought I, in this home of gloom,
 That fair neglected child,
Whose beauty made it less a tomb,
 More holy,—less defiled;
Too sad she was for one so young,—
 But loneliness of heart
Will spread a blight, sweet flowers among,—
 Life's sunshine bid depart.
And she was meek,—her meekness sprung
 From Nature,—not from art,
And ah! too like the R  ed she seemed,
 To be sent forth alone;
Too like the Vine, still apt to cling—
 Though to a heart of stone!
Poor child! I could not learn her fate,
 But earnest was my prayer,
That God would temper the rough winds,—
 Make this shorn Lamb His care.

How oft the pure, best gifts of Heav'n,
 We slight, or hold in scorn;
And blindly prize the glitt'ring flower
 Which but conceals a thorn.

THE

ISLE OF THE DEATHLESS:

CANTO III.



THE
ISLE OF THE DEATHLESS.

“ I questioned Death—the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe,—
And I am “Happiness,” he said,
If Virtue guides thee here.”

BISHOP HEBER.

“ Death is the Crown of Life,
Were Death denied, poor Man would wish to die ;
Were Death denied, to Live would not be Life,
Were Death denied, e'en Fools would wish to die.”

DR. YOUNG.

The Boat for ever leaves the land,
But only Shadows there may enter.”

SCHILLER.

Now sable Night had spread her wings,
Shrouding awhile Earth's fairest things ;
But soon her fair and radiant queen
Upon her star-gemm'd throne was seen
Bedeck'd with regal pomp on high,
Serenely chastened to the eye.
It seemed a moonlight of the South,
So promptly night usurped the day,
Here was no pensive ev'ning hour
To bear the tender thought away:

F

At once the eye of day grew dim,
And darkness o'er the waters hung;
The Mavis ceased her matin hymn,
The gentle Merle more faithful sung,
And through the deep woods, lone and dim,
The soft melodious cadence rung.
The countless stars in glory dight
Illumed the glowing firmament,
Like Angel-watchers, pure and bright,
To guard a world in slumber sent.
Yea, softly lay the moon's bright smile
Upon this fair, and gentle Isle,
And lovingly her mild rays prest
The river's broad and tranquil breast,
Upon whose waters blue and deep,
The Soul might gaze itself to sleep,—
And dreams of Childhood, soft and fair,
As all our spring-tide visions are,—
Pictures of Hope, of Joy, and Love,
The heart is destined ne'er to prove,—
Cradled in Beauty, charmed the breast,
And lulled it into blissful rest.
But worshipping at Nature's shrine,—
Whose wondrous charms I hold divine,
And vainly strive with careless eye
To pass the humblest flowret by,
Or trample on the meanest weed
Springing from a God-planted seed,—

I half forgot my visions past,
So strong the sweet spell o'er me cast,
Till on the placid wave afar,
My eye discerned—small as a star,
A little Barque,—which, as it neared,
So light, so shadowy appeared,—
So dimly, indistinctly seen,
With moveless sail, and stately mein,
And noiseless motion gliding o'er
The unrippled waters to the shore,—
I knew to be no human thing,
And subject to no earthly king;
And freighted with no costly prize,
No bales of goodly merchandize,
To feast the owner's sparkling eyes,
And feed the worm that never dies.
Oh! long I gazed with tightened breath
Upon this Phantom Barque of Death;
For at the helm a form appeared,
Which Time had to my heart endeared;
An awful form,—yet veiled to me
In robes of Immortality;
No grisly spectre, grim and cold,
Nor ghastly skeleton of old,
With vampyre thirst for human life,
And poisoned darts to end the strife,
And horrid spade to clear the way,
And fling the clod o'er helpless clay:

No!—Mercy's messenger was he,
Empowered to set the captive free ;
To burst the spirit's iron chain,
And waft it back to life again ;
In height majestic,—feature mild,—
In mien a king,—in heart a child ;
For if in Angel-heart's there be
A spark of human sympathy,
Then did his bleed, O man ! for thee.
I could have fallen at his feet,
And worshipp'd him with fervid heat,
But “ See thou do it not,” he said,
“ Let God alone be worshipped.”
Still as I gaz'd my nature rude
More holy grew, of higher mood ;—
I could have wept, yet knew not why,
'Neath the mild glance of his sad eye.
So gentle, pitying, and bland,
This Pilot to a far-off strand,
With lifted finger, silently
 The passing scene surveyed,
And now my spirit willingly
 The Monitor obeyed.

A fearful silence reigned around,
No breath the green leaves stirred,
The gushing rills had ceased their sound,

Unnatural rest had Nature found ;
No more far forest-haunts resound,
The chant of woodland bird.

A "Sea of glass" the waters lay,
All motionless and still,
Of leaden hue;—the Moon's dim ray
Was fixed, wan and chill ;

It was as if this lovely Isle
A charnel-house was made,
One huge sepulchre, vast and vile,
Where shadows dwelt in shade,
And men's resuscitated bones
Death's awful nod obeyed.

Methought I gazed on POMPEII
On that most fearful day,
When with its light and living crowds
Deep,—deep entombed it lay.

Or, on the dimly visioned-vale,
Where of old in God-taught mood
EZEKIEL spake, and dry, bleached bones
A vast breathing army stood.

But for the still, and grave-like gloom,
I might have thought revealed,
Those crowds which thronged the Martyrs' path,
And to HIS heart appealed,—

The sick—the leprous—lame—and blind—
Imploring to be healed.

But not a sound, though faint, was here

To break the direful spell of Time,
And still I gazed with awe and fear
On this unearthly Pantomime ;
For far and wide along the shore,
Yea, far as human sight could wend,—
Livid with age, disease or care
Did this assembled mass extend.
Some clasped their hands in wild despair,—
Some tossed their wither'd arms on high,—
Others with supplicating air
Bent low in speechless agony ;
And oh ! a very few there were
That with meek heart and stedfast eye,
And calm composure, waited there
The summons to Eternity !
But foremost of this little band,
The sweet flower of the Castle came,
A Gem prepared for Fatherland,
For her its starry wreath of Fame ;
Bravely she'd spurned proud Fortune's plume,
To win a never-dying name,
Her Pilgrim staff she leaves behind,
To grasp the flower that never fades ;—
And burning sands, and noontide heat,
For waters sweet, and cooling shades ;
The spotless robe, the palm, the crown,
Await her on th' Eternal shore,
Earth—earth with all its vain renown

Is past.—Life—life for evermore
Is hers,—and might I purchase bliss
My heart's best dreams at cost like this,
I would not let such hopes beguile
My memory of her parting smile.—

Another form I saw afar,
A brilliant but erratick star,
Whose earnest spirit restless grew,
Beneath a sky intensely blue ;
Who roved awhile from flower to flower,
But found no honey to his taste,
And sated left the fairest bower
To wander on the lonely waste.
A votary at Nature's shrine,
A practiser of art divine;
A Vision'ry who vainly sought,
The beauty which his pencil wrought,
And visions of Eden's glory drew,
Till his own soul ethereal grew,
And panted in the light to dwell,
To see the tints he traced so well.
Oh ! never can the common mind
To light and lesser thoughts resigned,
Sustain or know the higher part,
The deep intensity of heart,—
The passion tameless as the sea,

And boundless as Eternity,
With which high art inspires the breast,
Wherein she reigns a holy guest.
The Painter's flashing eye could tell,
As the dim, lurid moon-beam fell
Upon him there, how eagerly
He long'd for Immortality,
And turned from beauty—vain, unreal,
To gaze on Heav'ns pure, bright Ideal !

And now from out the silent host
One came, but soon again was lost,
As onwards with the crowd she press'd
To take her stand among the rest ;
The mother whose unsoothed despair
Had fed the canker worm within,
Till as malaria taint the air,
So filled her mind the scorpion sin ;
Alas ! so madly blind was she,
She knew not that to bend the knee,
Adore with such intensity—
Aught here save GOD,—and only HE—
Is but a gross idolatry.
He who hath said “ Give me thine heart,”
Will ne'er accept the meanest part ;
Love,—perfect, pure, and this alone,
Will be accepted at HIS Throne :

She tottered on with maniac haste,
With a haggard form and sunken eye,
Hope whispered "Peace is thine at last
In the dim shades of Futurity."

And with such dreams she cheats her soul,
In passing to Eternity.

This passed from my prophetic gaze,
But yet another form I knew,—
Ah! wherefore covet length of days
Unless Life's cup be drugg'd anew?
While cares destroy, and strength decays
'Tis well our Life is fleeting too;
Not thus thought he, the centre now
Of a diseased and helpless throng,
The maim'd, the halt, the lame, the blind,—
All ill that unto flesh belong,
Were shared this wretched band among.
What seeks this aged Pilgrim here?
Death—hath no gold his path to pave,
Death—can't renew the joys so dear,
A lavish world so freely gave.
What seeks he then to dry Life's tear?
Annihilation—and—the Grave!

* * * * *

I saw the Vessel gliding fast,
A Phantom o'er the glassy tide,

The snowy sail clung to the mast,
Like the white shroud of a young bride;—
And onwards through the gloom she pass'd,
A thing of fear!—a thing of pride!
The freight she carried was her last:
For glancing up the River's side
Of all that host so wan and wide
I was the only living thing,
Death left to Life and suffering.

* * * * *

The spell was broke,—my dreams were o'er,—
And with the World as heretofore
I mix :—but in each glittering crowd
A Spirit-voice is whispering loud—
“Remember! Life, is but a dream,—
Thou too, must ford dark Jordan's stream!”

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

GLADLY I welcome thee, beautiful Spring !

With thy rich gifts for the children of earth,
Herald of Happiness !—light is thy wing,

Wide is thy empire, and holy thy hearth.

Thou nacturest flowers—for the summer hours,—

The young, and the desolate heart to cheer,

And with balmy airs, and bountiful showers,

Thou reviv'st the stores of the infant year.

Gladly I welcome thee, beautiful Spring !

With snowdrop, primrose, and violet sweet;

I saw thy approach, and knew thou would'st bring

Rich treasures to deck thy belov'd retreat.

Yes, earth is awhile thy haven,—thy home,—
But gladly thou seek'st, when thy reign is o'er,
To re-plume thy wing 'neath the fadeless dome
Which smiles o'er Eternity's far-off shore.

Gladly I welcome thee, beautiful Spring !
And joy in thy Mission of Love to man,
My long untouched Harp now again may sing,
Thou hast broke the spell, thou its flame doth
fan :

Thy glance is above, in the blue, blue sky,—
Thy footstep beneath, in the green, green sward,
No longer my wild Harp can idly lie,
Each low chord I tune at thy whisper'd word.

THE POET TO HIS MUSE.

Why woo'st thou me, the desolate and lone,
The heavy-laden,—press'd by many woes ?
So bright a visitant should dwell with them
Who on the couch of luxury repose ;
Whose rose-leaved pathway bears no taint of earth,
Scarce ruffled by the passing of the breeze,
Whom harmony surrounds, and love, and mirth,—
Ah ! surely thou should'st make thy home with
these.

Then human Life to human hearts pourtrayed,
Would bear resemblance to a pleasant dream ;
Or the faint music of a breeze-tuned harp,
Or, the full gushing of a joyous stream :
No cloud would check the ardent hopes of youth—
No brimming chalice fall to manhood's share,
Till sad experience taught the bitter truth—
That all are born to battle and to bear.

Yet, p'rhaps, 'twere better in less glowing tints
To paint Life's visions as they onward fly,—
Lest youth become enamoured of its joys,
Foregoing aims more glorious and high :
Yes, yes, 'twere better, since the light must fade,
Whose beauty brightens well Life's early day,—
That leaf, by leaf, lie in the grasp decayed,
Than all the flower at once be wrench'd away.

Then come, bright Spirit ! haste thee not away ;
Star of my lonely hours ! take not thy flight,—
Though my deep mood o'ershade thy lucid ray,
'Twill bathe thee in a flood of purer light ;
And we will picture Life in colours true,
To warn th' unwary, soothe the anguished breast,
One spot will thus be found of brighter hue,
An ark whereon my own sad soul may rest.

Thou art of Heaven,—of all its gifts the best,—
And no base earthly aim thy power shall mar,
An angel's birthright,—to make mortals blest,
Sweetly surrender'd from its home afar.
Oh! then no dust of earth shall shroud the mind
Wherein thou takest up thy bright abode,
But its light shine so as to teach mankind,
The Giver of each perfect gift is—GOD.

THE SABBATH BELL.

HARK to the chime of the the Sabbath Bell,
Sweetly it sounds o'er upland and dell;
Breeze-borne it greeteth the stream's low voice,
At once they blend,—together rejoice:
One theme—one aim—their melodies seek,
To glorify GOD, and lure the weak;
Oh! the Sabbath Bell, and the murm'ring stream,
How they win the heart from each worldly dream.

Now plaintive, tender, subdued, 'twill come,
Like voices calling the spirit home,
Or soft, breeze-like sounds, heard in the air,
The breath of flow'rs—or a Seraph's prayer.

Now loud and full, like the strains alone
That triumphant swell around the throne ;
Oh ! the Sabbath Bell, and the flowers bright
bloom,
How they speak of a realm beyond the tomb.

The sweet Sabbath Bell begins to pour
Its musical chime from th' old church tower,
Bidding each loitering step repair,
To worship GOD in HIS house of prayer.
They come—behold from each cottage home,
Through “ meadow paths,” 'neath Heav'n's blue
dome,
What groups are pursuing their onward way,
To honour, and hallow the Sabbath day.

The Bell with its Sabbath of holy rest,
Betokens the land of our fathers blest ;
And the stranger's heart,—as he treads its soil,
On this Day of Freedom from care and toil,
From secular pleasure, and noisy din,
Its throbbings hushed—feels a peace within ;
Blent with holy yearnings, devotions swell,
As he lists to old England's Sabbath Bell.

We may traverse the wide world o'er and o'er ;
We may restlessly roam from shore to shore,

And the chiming bell may salute the ear,
And the stately Cathedral tow'ring near,
 With its fretted roof, and enamelled pane,
 Emblazon'd escutcheons, and splendours vain,
May excitement awake, but never dwell
In memory's depths, like our Sabbath Bell.

The Church-going Bell to the Christian's ear,—
No sound's so sweet,—no hour so dear,
As that wherein he wends his way
To the House of GOD on HIS holy day :—
 But the sigh of sympathy rends his heart,
 As his travelled thought flies to those apart
From home and country, who have bid farewell
To these peaceful scenes,—to the Sabbath Bell.

But their mission is high,—their aim is blest;—
They seek not comfort, they covet not rest :—
O'er African wastes, and Indian plains,
Where danger is lurking, where darkness reigns,
 They wander, rejoicing 'mid toil and pain,
 The Gospel to preach, rend the Heathen's chain;
And oh! great their reward, though verdant dell
They tread not,—nor hear the sweet Sabbath Bell.

And England, favoured of Heaven! 'tis thine
To rejoice in immunities divine,—

And oh! would thy people priz'd more the smile,
That torch-like illumines our sea-girt Isle ;
That the light of Love o'er our Sabbaths flung
Could dispose all hearts to adorn the throng
That castle and cot, by fountain and fell,
Pours forth at the sound of its *Matin Bell*.

“REJOICE EVERMORE.”

“ Rejoice ever ;”
What! when the heart o'erwhelmed with bitter woe,
Doomed from all to sever
To which it clung below,—
Consumes itself in silent grief,
And seeks not,—nor expects relief?

Rejoice! how vain,—
Can man rejoice, when o'er him hangs a curse,
And guilt, and strife, and pain,
His wayward passions nurse?
When false, bright meteors bid him stray,
And snares and pitfalls mock his way?

Rejoice ! oh, no !
Not even youth's bright dreams are all undimm'd,
Like Heaven's brilliant bow ;
Life seems too lightly skimm'd,
But rainbow-like, 'tis formed of tears,
Which youth stores up for future years.

“ Rejoice ever,”—
What ! where dark feuds and envyings abound,
And gentle good-will never
In human hearts is found ?
Where no oäsis tempts the feet
To linger mid its verdure sweet.

“ Rejoice ever ;”—
Evermore rejoice,—oh ! mockery vain !
Vain as the endeavour
To make Heaven's secrets plain ;—
Vain as the deep draught given to fan
Life's embers in a dying man.

Yet softly still—
The spirit whispers—“ Rejoice evermore ;”
Joy on through ev'ry ill
That thou mayst reach the shore
Where holy joy, a bright wreath flings,
To crown the Pilgrim's wanderings.

The Mother smiles
Though in her arms she clasps an idiot boy,
Alas ! no playful wiles
Inspire her soul with joy ;
All there is dark—but from above
She wins intelligence and love.

The Mourner's eyes
Are dim with many tears,—the wound within
Nought here can cicatrize,—
And yet, mid the world's din,
With Faith and Hope to rest upon,
He can go ev'n rejoicing on.

The Exile sighs—
Severed from the far land which gave him birth,
But better hopes arise
Which own no clog of earth ;—
And upward, God-ward, to its home,
The dross-freed spirit yearns to roam.

“ Rejoice ever ;”
Let “ bitterness, and wrath, and malice” cease,
And the sweet human voice .
Whisper of Love and Peace :
Oh ! bright Millennium ! thy all glorious reign
Shall teach God's little flock they have not
joyed in vain !

THE DEATH FESTIVAL.

On perusing a brief account of the interesting Festival of All Saint's Day, which is still observed in the South of Germany, where the graves of departed friends are wreathed with flowers, and illuminated with lamps and tapers, while the Priest sprinkles upon them holy water in order to consecrate them, the following simple lines suggested themselves.

BLAZING lamps all brightly gleaming,
Plants and flowers of goodly seeming,
Scattered o'er the low-laid bed
Where repose the quiet dead !

Mourners pacing to and fro,
Muffled watchers bending low,
Mourning Cypress—Weeping Willow—
Waving in the passing wind,
Breathing softly o'er Death's pillow,
Music lulling to the mind.
Festival ! 'tis thine to fling
O'er the tomb—the light of spring.

Festival ! 'tis thine to borrow
From the heart its throb of sorrow,
Thine to whisper Heavenly lore,
And those hidden depths explore,—
Where the Spirit won by thee,
Tempts a dim Eternity.

Enriching with thy sweet perfume,
Decking in thy gentle bloom
The mystic realms beyond the tomb,
Showing fair, frail Nature's doom :
Feast of Love ! 'tis thine to keep
Fresh, and warm, and pure, the deep,

And best emotions of the heart,
In which the vain world hath no part ;—
Higher, purer soars the mind,
In a region more refined,
Winning balm,—divinely shed
From this commune with the dead ;
And as the " sacred flood " descends,
Many a pious prayer ascends,
Regret's soft sigh, with Hope's smile blends
The memory of parted friends ;
And Fancy seeks in things unseen
A glimpse of Seraph-life to glean.

Beside an urn of snowy hue,
One lonely mourner sadly true,
Bends low, nor let cold hearts deride
Beneath sleeps his once gentle bride ;
Brief was his term of earthly bliss,
At best,—but fleeting nothingness :

Joy, like a friend, but glads the heart,
To win, to cheer, and then depart,—
Its brightness serves to barb the dart,
To probe the wound,—increase the smart,
Though like Asphaltus fruits, but dust
To which we cling—yet cling we must !

O'er another grave are thrown
Provence roses, newly blown,—
Drooping snowdrops, meekly pale,
And sweet lillies of the vale,
Blent with wan blossoms from the tree
Whose soft bloom wakes our sympathy ;
The buds were twined a bridal-wreath
For her who rests on Death's cold pillow,
But Rumour's voice began to breathe,
Of wreck beneath the Baltic's billow,
Its pois'nous breath beguiled the flower,
She faded from that self-same hour.

In a lone, sequestered spot,
Which the busy heedeth not,
Tended by the pure and true,
One low grave appears in view ;
A voice, melodious as the strain,
Which the wrapt senses aye retain ;

Heard in some afar-off bower,
 When the Swan's last sweetest song
 Through the soft, calm twilight hour,
 By the breeze is borne along,—
 Breathes softly, "Sister, let us pray,
 And glad our Mother's soul to-day."

Festival! thy tapers bright,
 Typify Religion's light;
 And thy scented garlands strewed
 Through Death's lonely solitude,
 Whisper of a brighter morrow,
 Clouded by no tear of sorrow.
 Still thy soft'ning shadow throw
 O'er the erring human heart,
 Win it from the dross below,
 Till of Holiness a part—
 It can rise, renewed, and bright,
 In the second Advent's light.

FRAGMENT.

"Alas! we make
 A ladder of our thoughts where Angels step;
 But sleep ourselves at the foot. Our high resolves
 Look down upon our slumbering acts."

L. E. L.

OH fancies fond! and projects vain!
 That flit athwart the human brain;—

H

How oft we purpose, form and plan,
E'en in our mind the structure scan,
Of some bright and glorious deed
Which would our other acts exceed—
As doth the sun the stars outshine,
As pure gold that within the mine. —

Alas ! alas ! Time hurries on,
And still we plan, and purpose thus,
'Till OPPORTUNITY is gone,
And but the Grave remains for us :
The good we would, we never do,
But what we would not, oft pursue.

Thou fading world ! dim land of dreams !
Vain expectations ! airy schemes !
Our best intents in thee are crossed ; —
The fabric reared at priceless cost
Just meets the passing gaze of men,
Then seeks Oblivion's gulphs again ;
Springs from the dust, soars to the skies,
But soon again prostrated lies—
A fragment,—into ruin hurled,
Of a decaying, dying world.

But must our noblest efforts die ?
Wasted, is all our energy ?
Shall we ne'er on some far-off shore
See perfected the hopes of yore ?

Yes, yes, vain World ! thou nursery
Of Beauty perfect ! yet to be
Within thy soil the bud we sow,
Which in Eternity shall blow :
Thy visions unfulfilled, may be
Hereafter—Bright Reality !

THE PURSUIT OF PEACE.

“ Oh ! where shall we find, a repose for the mind,
That dwells with the wreck'd and the dead ? ”

SHALL we seek it in mirth, the resource of the gay
In soft Pleasure's bewildering train,—
Where the laugh and the jest lure the thoughtless
astray,
And the lip learns to flatter and feign ?
Where the song and the sentiment carelessly flow,
And the grace-cup goes merrily round ?
Ye may quaff if ye will—ye shall find it truth still,
In such scenes no repose can be found.

Shall we seek it in wealth, in the miser's delight,
As he bends o'er the glittering ore,
And turns pale with affright—lest some demon of
night,
Should but pilfer a coin from the store?
From his watchings and fastings, we shrink with
dismay,
And his god of idolatry spurn;
Leave him sordid and cold still to gloat o'er his
gold,—
And yet onward our footsteps we turn.

On the Altar of Mammon its vot'ries fling
All life holds of precious or dear,—
Fly,—fly from the spot, there repose harbours not,
But toil, with suspicion, and fear;—
And though pleasure may seem in the gay hour of
mirth
To have won the worn heart from despair,
Like the sun-blighted fruit, if you search at the root,
All is ruin and rottenness there.

Shall we take for our guide the Muses of old—
And the regions of science explore?
With the sages unroll Fate's magical scroll,
And o'er night's starry mysteries pore?

With URANIA ponder o'er studies sublime,
Of the Heavenly bodies inquire?
Till celestial themes, fill our night and day dreams,
And such knowledge is all our desire.

With the hoary Alchymist in mystical cell,
The dim midnight vigil we'll keep,
Where the night with a smile brings bright Hope
to beguile,—
And morn leaves Delusion to weep;
O'er each wondrous process excited we'll bend,
And dive to the source of his art,—
The Philosopher's stone, shall at length be our own,
And triumph,—proud triumph impart.

But alas! and alas! to the spirit that pines—
O'er the grave of each earthly desire,
When the bubble has burst, that with fond pride
was nurst,
And the lamp has been seen to expire;
When the sweet buds of earth have lost their
perfume,—
And the diamond's lustre is dim,
And drained dry is the well, whose bright water's
a spell
Were, of happiness filled to the brim.

Oh ! 'tis madness—'tis folly, to deem that the eye
That waxed dim o'er sweet dreams of the past,
Can be won by the snare, which the world's fickle glare
In sad mockery round it may cast.
Though the mirage may lure the gay, happy and free,
In the hope "living waters" to meet,
Yet the heart that has known stern reality's tone,
Can discover the glittering cheat.

Then on, weary spirit, nor though weary complain,
Nay, shrink not, though the dark pall be spread,
Though the hue of the tomb shades each prospect
with gloom,
And thy last living comfort be fled ;—
Though the thorns on thy path yet more fiercely
shall sting,
And thy trembling limbs lacerate sore ;
Though the wrathful simoon, with its dread blast
consume,—
Yet on, on, there's a Haven in store.

Yes ! yes ! there's a calm—a repose for thee yet ;
But that calm, that repose must be won,—
The Martyrs of old, pass'd through dangers untold,
And their glory—their rest is begun :

Like them, o'er the furnace of trial exult,
And welcome the flames as they rise ;—
Like them, for the Truth, suffer shipwreck and ruth,
And garner thy hopes in the skies.

From the wretched, the indigent, turn not aside ;
Nor a cup of cold water deny ;
Teach the dying to cling, as the spirit takes wing,
To the ROCK that is holy and high.
Then onward, yet onward, at length thou'lt obtain,
What richly thy toil will repay,
On earth the repose, which the meek Christian
knows,—
And a Heav'n that ne'er will decay.

THE SOPHIST.

THROUGH a lone wilderness straying,
Musing on things of earth,
In my finite knowledge weighing
The wisdom of their birth ;
For much in Creation seems in vain,
Till the Spirit's light hath made it plain.

I saw a rivulet flowing
In a dark and lonely place,
Not an herb, or grass-blade growing
Around it could I trace ;
But a way-worn Pilgrim of that stream partook,
And the glad heart spoke in the upturned look.

Small fragments of moss upturn
From some far, wild retreat,
By the rude winds onward borne,
Lay scattered at my feet ;
I trod them down, but a starling saw,
And bore to his nest each little straw.

I looked on the flower upspringing
On arid, and desert soil,
Sweet fragrance around it flinging,
Far, far from the world's turmoil ;
And a freshness woke in my weary soul
Its elastic bound seemed to spurn controul.

I had deemed that sweet flower in vain,
Its life a fanciful whim,
But burst was my heart's dreamy chain,
And up through the twilight dim,
My soul, like a bird unfetter'd, flew—
Bathed in that blossom's refreshing dew.

I thought too, the desert's stream for aye
In oblivion on might flow,—
But I marked the Pilgrim thither stray,
With his sad cheek pale with woe ;
And his grateful glance, as he quaffed from the
spring,
How it silenced my warp'd heart's dull reasoning.

A Sophist vain, from the crowded mart,
Where hopes and aims combine
To dim the spirit, and dull the heart,
And drown the voice divine,
I came in the desert's gloom to brood,
Saying " who will show me any good ? "

And lo ! from the meek and timid flower,
From moss and stream a voice replied,—
" In us, behold the Creator's power,
Nor dare HIS meanest gifts deride !
Who, from Etna's mount, to the smallest grain
Of sand that flits over Araby's plain,

" Hath made all good, and for use design'd ;
To each atom some mission's given,—
Search through Nature's varied page you'll find
More than just the decrees of Heav'n,

Then banish for ever the Sceptic's creed,
Go forth, vain mortal! look around and read."

All, all was quiet, the air serene,
No cloud dimm'd the pale blue sky,
'Twas, as if an Angel o'er the scene
Was hovering from on high ;—
Overpowered—I sunk on the desert's sod,
And my recreant heart FIRST sought its God.

CONTEMPLATION.

I look on Heaven's resplendent stars,
I gaze on Earth's fair budding flowers,
And ask myself if there can be
A world more beautiful than ours ?
For wheresoe'er my feet may press—
Through shady grove, or forest hoar,
On open heath, in woodland bower,
I can but tremble and adore :—
The footprints of a God I trace
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry place.

By Avon's fair and gentle river,
In pensive musing mood I stray,
And calm the stream which floweth ever,
While empires flourish and decay :
The finny tribes disport beneath,
Around melodious voices come,
For rock'd above the placid wave
Is the sweet song-bird's quiet home ;
And shadow'd in the silver stream
I see the Mind-Eternal beam !

I welcome Spring, the pure meek child ;
And Summer, with her glowing charms ;
And sober Autumn, too I love,
And Winter with his wild alarms.
Each season has a blissful dower,
A spell, a beauty all its own,
And in their light I see a Power,
In ev'ry star a burning throne,—
Where sits th' Immutable to scan,
And sway the destinies of man !

Oh ! lovely is this pendent world,
Hung in illimitable space,—
Whether we tread bleak Northern shores,
Or o'er sweet Southern landscapes pace ;

Whether we gaze on Eastern pomp,
Or wander through a Western wild,
All, all is good,—all, all is fair
To Nature's grateful, happy child ;
One Hand has formed,—one Power sustains,
He knows his King, and hugs his chains !

THE SPIRIT OF TASSO
TO THE ADORNERS OF HIS DEAD BODY.

“ Even after death, success mocked him, for the coronation took place on the senseless dead body. The head was wreathed with laurel, a magnificent toga delayed awhile the shroud, and a procession took place through the city by torchlight.”

CEASE, cease your task, officious men,
Your fruitless efforts stay ;
Can ye give lustre to the eye,—
Life to the senseless clay ?
Or bid your Poet's harp again
Awake to sing an earthly strain ?
No,—tis in vain to bind that brow,
For Bard and Harp are silent now !

Time hath been when your glitt'ring crown
I've panted to obtain,—
Your fleeting fame, your vain renown,
I counted goodly gain ;
When flushed with hope, with pride elate,
I sought to grasp the wand of Fate,
And with it trace in words of flame,
On men's cold hearts my vaunted name.

This was the all-absorbing dream
That fired my restless soul,
'Tis past,—'tis gone,—a meteor gleam,
And I have reached the goal :—
Yes! I have pass'd through Jordan's flood,
The breakers roared in angry mood,
And wild the strife, but strong the power
That nerved me in that awful hour.

No more your fetters can confine,
Your stony walls contain,—(a)
Free as a bird, I soar on high,
Or roam through Eden's plain ;
And now, your long deferred reward
For which so long I toiled hard,—
Ah! I can gaze, and spurn it now,
A greener Laurel binds my brow.

Oh ! what is Rome, with all her wealth,
Her glory and her throne to me ?
My glad feet tread on purest gold,
My Home's the City of the Free :—
Your earth-bound sight can ne'er explore
Beyond Time's bleak and barren shore,
To me the veil aside is thrown—
The Bright Ideal fully known !

How hollow then, “ the praise of men,”
How light earth's tinsel show ;
The faithless gloss, how mean, that gilds
The Dream of Life below :
How like an infant, have I been,
Pleased with the dewdrops' glist'ning sheen,
Whose frail bells burst beneath the sun,
So pass'd my hopes when Life was done.

But, ah ! mysterious is the spell
Which enchains the flesh-freed spirit,
The soul may not of glories tell
It is its high lot t' inherit :—
Then, quench your torches flashing bright,
Or let them to the dim tomb light ;
To brooding silence, leave the soulless clay,
The Spirit soaring seeks Eternal day !

THE CROSS.

“ When I saw the pious and excellent Bishop CARR standing before the assembled youth of Gibraltar, and in tones of affectionate kindness, and with the dignified energy of one who bore a sacred commission, pointing them to the Cross of Christ, as the sinner’s only refuge, and as the only pathway to present and endless glory, I felt there was a moral grandeur about the Gospel which nothing earthly could equal.”

OH ! Holy Scene !

Well might ye melt, and warm, and kindle high
With spiritual zeal the gazer’s soul ;—
Well might he feel all earth’s gay pageants vain—
Its gaudy, glitt’ring shows, by man’s device
And for his pleasure formed, but fruitless toil.
Nay, ’ twas no marvel that e’en Nature’s works,—
Gaunt rocks, wide seas, creating thoughts sublime
And caverns vast, where in dim silence dwell,—
A countless host of forms, unmoved and wan,
Lovely creations of the wand’ring seas,
Presenting to the bold intruder’s eye
Visions of Pompeii’s buried multitudes :
Caves, wherein reign the spirits of the deep,
Whose far recesses with their solemn gloom,

And vast majestic wonders yet remain (b)
A seal'd Book, e'en to adventurous man !
It was no marvel that all these should fade,
And dwindle into insignificance—
Before the "moral grandeur" of God's word,
Before the beaming splendour of the Cross,
Blest Symbol of our Faith !

The Holy Man,

A faithful Servant of the living God,
Though in a stranger land forgetting not
The duties of his Heav'nly vocation ;—
Seeking to win Disciples for his LORD,
To lure the young and inexperienced soul
E'er sin's dark billow hath engulfed it, —
Unto the lighthouse of a Saviour's love,
The sinner's refuge, and the weary's rest.
Well might the gen'rous heart of Heaven ask
A blessing on that pious "Man of God,"
And by enthusiasm's warm glow beguiled,
Pour forth the earnest prayer that zeal like his
Might oftner dwell with them who fill the high
And holy ministerial office ;—
That they more faithfully Salvation preach,
And be indeed as burning, shining lights
In a benighted world.

Oh! that each voice,
Breathing beneath the shadow of the Cross
The Gospel tidings of Redeeming love,
Came from a heart as zealously prepared
To do "the work of an Evangelist,"—
To wrestle manfully with Satan's wiles,
Endure affliction, stripes, imprisonment,
Watchings, fastings,—nay, even death itself,—
As was Saint Paul's, the divine Apostle,
And most faithful friend of his suff'ring Lord;—
With him, "to live was Christ,—to die was gain."
He could brave all things, what to him were toil,
Hunger and thirst, the clamour of the world,—
Its bitter taunts, hatred, rude buffetings,—
Lassitude, pain, the loss of nat'ral ties,
The need of social friendship? oh! nought;
By the precious gift—God's Holy Spirit
Nerved, strengthened, fortified :—He sought alone
To glorify his gracious Master's name,
And gather Souls to Heaven."

Then raise on high—
Ye workers in the vineyard of the Lord
"The Cross of Christ;" and be it yours to tell,
How Peace and Holiness dwell 'neath its shade :
How it leadeth to a rest eternal,—
To boundless happiness, and endless day.

How erring men with ill-directed zeal, (c)
Bathed its calm glory in a crimson flood,
The blood of Christian, and of Moslem knight ;
Though Peace and Hope, and Gentleness and Love
Uphold it ;—not war, and strife, and bloodshed.
How to the mourner's heart its quenchless light
Can whisper comfort,—to the weary—rest ;
How its bright beams can light the darken'd soul,
And cheer with Mercy's ray the penitent ;
How it becomes the guiding star to faith,—
The Christian's shield ;—to angel Charity
With its wide, gentle, glowing sympathies
A talisman, imparting energy.
And oh ! how meek and placid Resignation
Bends quietly beneath its hallow'd shade,—
And as the One Great Sacrifice bore up
To Calv'ry's height, the Cross whereon He bled,
So musing on His cruel agony,
Tell how the trusting Soul its Cross takes up,
And draining deep the cup of earthly woe
Smiles at its bitterness !

FRAGMENT.

SERENE and calm my moments ever were,
For reckless gaiety was never mine ;

My spirit gloried in the pale moon fair,
And loved to mark at eve, the day's decline.
My lot was lonely, but my mind was free ;
I loved not mirth,—I knew not misery.
I sighed for Friendship, but I sought it not ;
My heart was young, its world was bright and
fair,—
Sweet flowers were mine, culled in a desert spot,
I sought for Beauty, and I found it there,—
Where radiant smiles on hill and valley lie,
Won from the sparkling fount,—the gorgeous
sky.
But that which should have brought my silent life
Increase of bliss, an added power to bless,
Hath made my lonely path with sorrow rife,
And won from me each hope of happiness ;—
Which should have brought fresh zeal unto my
heart
Hath bid its energy, its life depart.—
In vain the listless step, and weary eye,
Seek light and loveliness, where all was fair ;
A shadow veils the earth, and dims the sky,
Nor Beauty—Light—nor Loveliness is there :
Awhile Love's sunny wreath adorn'd my brow,
Alas ! its THORNS are all that's left me now.

A MORNING RHAPSODY.

AWAKE, my Soul! and to the far-off woods
With deep, deep joy, and thankfulness repair;
The God of nature calls thee from thy dreams,
He bids thee to forsake unreal beauty,
The dim and mocking visions of the night,
For the surpassing loveliness of all
That greets thy waking sense. How canst thou bear,
Art thou not grieved thy GOD should call on thee?
Should'st thou not rather, as HIS creature, wait
Intent to do HIS will? Shake off the spell
Of an unholy rest, and with the day's
First dawn, mount with the joyous lark on high,
To sing with him a matin hymn of praise;
And with the bright-eyed Sol commence anew
The onward path of Duty. Oh! like him
May'st thou in light pass on; and though awhile
The clouds and mists of earth o'ershadow thee,
Be 't thine, at intervals to burst the gloom,
From whence emerging, calmly thou'lt descend
At length, into a pure and holy rest.

Then up my soul! dost thou not feel within,
A power supernal? Canst thou listen now
To the deep melody of Nature's voice,

The low, wild murmuring of wind and stream,
With sounds that greet the ear from things unseen
Whispering to the lone, "Thou'rt not alone,"—
Canst thou behold thy Maker's works unmoved?
And where, oh! where, on this wide teeming earth
Dost thou behold them not? To the world's verge,
To earth's extremest limit should'st thou fly,
The barren desert with its dead repose,
The trackless waves of an untravel'd sea,
The solitude—the silence most profound,
Shout all with echoing voice the name of—God.

Then up, awake! thou vital principle—
Immortal essence—germ of a more pure—
A better,—higher,—holier existence;
Fair type of HIM who called thee into being,
An emanation of Divinity,
A ray celestial from the Godhead won,—
Canst thou look out upon this terrene globe,
Awhile reflect upon Creation's plan,
The vast, stupendous work of DEITY,
Nor know thyself incomprehensible—
Invisible—undying, what thou art—
From whence—and whither tending? Yet at best
Thy nature's mystical, and strange to all,—
Most wondrous to thyself. Spiritual,

Ethereal, wingless,—and yet soaring far,
And wide, and high, reaching ev'n Heav'ns portals,
Elate with hope,—impetuous with desire,—
Eager to learn that which thou may'st not know
The hidden mystery of our being.
Thus man ! vain man ! uprears his haughty head,
And dares to question the all-wise decree
Of HIM who was before the world began,
The Artificer of all human clay ;
The world's great Artisan : nor HIS alone,
The glorious frame-work of this mighty plan,—
But all that live, and move, and are therein
HIS holy impress manifestly shows,
In all HIS works,—debased alas ! by none
So much as man, “the noblest,” and the best.
He with his lawless passions, wild desires,
Rebellious spirit, and unreasoning soul,
Defaces the High Image which he bears,
And stamps dishonour on his own best deeds.
Lord, what is man that THOU thus mindful prove,
And guard him with THY everlasting love ?

DEPARTED GENIUS.

" Great men have been among us, hands that penned,
And tongues that uttered wisdom."

WORDSWORTH.

OH ! where are they—the mighty dead !
Those glorious Spirits, where ?
Still with us is the light they shed,
But they are fled—oh where ?

Their bodies, frail and fleeting dust,
Have shar'd the common doom,—
But with us still, their Spirits must
In living lustre bloom.

Yes, they are with us, round us still,
Though veiled is our dim sight,—
Such keen Vitality were ill
Consign'd to Death's long night.

Then let us with a gentle awe
Peruse each living line,
As sure each tear, each sigh they draw
Gives joy to souls divine.

Oh ! MILTON thine the deathless lyre,
Endued with angel-wings
E'en here thy soul with fond desire
Gaz'd on Heav'n's holy things.

With conscious power, thy prescient eye
Scann'd the Immortal mind,
But ah ! its mystic light too nigh
Thy dazzled orbs grew blind.

Earth ! earth ! how frail thy creatures are,
Oh ! Heaven how strong the flame,
Enshrined within this fleshly bar,
To never-dying fame.

How sweet the "SWAN OF AVON" sung,
With what a wondrous skill
He bared the hearts of old and young,
And read them at his will.

How varied are his matchless strains,
He brought, with art complete
Rich treasures from Arcadian plains,
And strewed them at our feet.

And now the harp whose magic key
 Could royal bosoms move,
Is hushed,—but ah ! its melody
 Is vocal still above.

And he, whose nature-loving muse
 Chanted her minstrelsy,
And drew “The Seasons’” changing hues
 With pencil wild and free ;

Nature’s high priest, round whose sweet shrine
 An added charm he flung,
And from her treasury divine
 Culled themes for deathless song.

Oh ! gentle THOMPSON, round thy name
 With fervour we entwine
The wreath which blent with Nature’s fame,
 Shall bloom for ever thine.

What sympathetic heart can dwell
 On BYRON’s tender lays,
Nor mourn him, as he bade “Farewell”
 To England and her Bays ?

His fancy measured heights sublime,
And soared on eagle-wing,
Yet wayward,—oft in simple rhyme
He'd touch the softest string.

On Greece a living light is shed,
The Patriot-poet's grave
Illumes the land whereto he fled
Across the foaming wave.

The world hath not a colder wrong
For noble hearts to know,
Than that which crushed his spirit long
And bade its sweetness flow.

Ever with lesser nature's joined,
'Tis Genius' lot to bear
The canker of an unsoothed mind,—
Locked up in proud despair.

And though the path of Genius here,
May boast the glow-worm's fame,
Glory dispels no secret tear,—
What is it, but a name?

Vain as the garish pomp that gleams
Around the nun so pale,
Cold as her spirit's joyless dreams
Beneath the solemn veil.

What pious heart but loves to drink
At th' Aonian spring,
Where Angel's food surrounds the brink
Guarded by Angel's wing?

Where COWPER'S muse devout inspired
"The Task," that won renown,
And he, to nobler aims aspired,—
An everlasting crown!

The Poet-child, whose memory
Wonder and pity claims ;
His proudly, and yet mournfully,
Ranks 'mongst immortal names :

Wrapp'd in the garb of Charity, (d)
Pride saw, but mock'd his aim, (e)
Nor deemed a thing so mean as he
Could win a world-wide name.

But HE who laughs to scorn the pride
His wisdom suffers long,
Hath chos'n the weak, the world-denied,
Thus to confound the strong.

With lucid rays, the Master Mind,
His infant soul imbued,
He dreamed not of a world unkind,
In his dim solitude. (f)

Ill-fated boy, the rainbow rife
With brilliant hues for years,—
The stern realities of life
Dissolved to bitter tears.

For ah! his gilded bark anon,
He launched upon the wave,
With hope, and love, to steer it on,
To darkness and the grave.

Too soon his star withdrew her light,
And cold neglect o'erspread
A cloud of everlasting night
Around his youthful head.

Oh! Genius, who thy woes can write,
With faint and feeble pen?
Would mine were steel, endued with might
To rouse the souls of men.

But ah! too late, the shaft has sped,—
The “Stricken Deer” lies low,—
Stern vengeance hurled the dart that fled,
From rancour’s deadly bow.

The new-fledged lark, on fluttering wing,
Bounds forth with joyous breath,
But caught within the fowler’s springe,
He yields himself to death.

Thus gentle KEATS, whose dawn bespoke
His gifted spirit’s tone,
Whose harp of thrilling sweetness woke,
With music all its own,

Which like the breath of dewy morn,
The power of stars at even,
Each holy influence—Eden born,
Sings softly, Songs of Heaven.

Sweet were his lays ;—a spirit-voice
From the far realms of light,
He seemed to make the world rejoice,
But lent to human sight ;

For bowed beneath the Critic's ban,
A flower with mildew spread,
As dew exhaled,—the haunts of man
His gentle spirit fled !

And in th' "Eternal City" now
'Neath Italy's fair sky,
His once worn heart and drooping brow,
Are slumb'ring peacefully.

Yet not alone his ashes lie,—
With kindred clay they blend,
For SHELLEY'S gen'rous spirit nigh,
Holds commune with his friend.

Erring, yet noble, was his heart, (g)
The tender world may blame ;
He acted well the Christian's part, (h)
Denied its sacred name.

With glowing Freedom's lambent flame,
He lit Love's torch on earth,
And now his Genius wins acclaim,
And cheers the social hearth.

Of names a shining phalanx yet
Illustrious beam around,
How rich in spiritual light
Our hemisphere is found.

Where'er the veering compass turns'
Bright constellations rise,
To fill, as Beth'hem's Planet burns,
Like satellites the skies.

With GOLDSMITH's pure, unworldly worth,
We traverse marsh and fen,
And with the "Wizard of the North,"
Roam through the Highland Glen.

"The Traveller's" journeyings are o'er,
"The Hermit's" goal is won,
And changeful fate shall mock no more
The woes of "Marmion."

“The Ancient Mariner” hath sped
Unto the bridal feast;
Where golden censers fragrance shed
Upon each marriage guest.

The pensive Bard of “Clifton Grove,”
Beneath the pale moonbeam,
No longer sings of faithless love,
A melancholy theme:

Sad were the musings of his mind,
Plaintive his lightest strain,
His magic song, the soul could bind,
And melt it all to pain.

The world,—it deems the Poet’s lot
Made up of gleam and glare,
Nor recks of canker, blight, or blot,
The spirit’s wear and tear.

It sees the sparkling, glitt’ring wreath,
The glory-circled head,
Nor dreams the proud bright wave beneath,
What desolation’s spread.

His gifted Muse, with sable wand,
Aye hovered o'er the tomb,
Foreseeing, ev'n in transports fond,
Her youthful vot'ry's doom.

Oh Memory! fond Memory!
Many a name unsung,
Yet claims the tear of sympathy,
And trembles on the tongue.

But Time, it fails me now to tell,
Of all the Mighty Dead,
Suffice it that their hallowed spell,
Is on the path we tread.

The fate of SAVAGE, Nature mourns,
And OTWAY's misery ;
And NEALE, whose tuneful muse we yearn
To hear, oh! "Where is he?"

Free! with the "burning light's" of old,
And Bards of classic fame,
The scroll of Destiny unrolled
Reveals each lustrous name.

The harp of Israel sweetly sings
'Neath Heaven's empyreal dome,
And Genius sweeps o'er deathless strings,
In his own Immortal Home!

FRAGMENT.

OUR own hearts overflow
With love, and tenderness, and sympathy;
We look for kindness in the hour of woe,
Alas! it may not be.

To meet with answering love,
And gentle care; with minds that read our own;
With faith the cold harsh world could never move
To doubt;—it would atone

Too much—too perfectly,
For all the ills that weigh the spirit down;
No, no, such may the love of angels be,
Our hopes it cannot crown.

ASPIRATION.

OH! for a wing to soar upon—
Far above earth and sea,
To bear me on, and on, right on,
To reach my GOD, to Thee.

Till lost in bright infinity
Thy dazzling home I see;
And with Thy Seraph-hosts bow down
To worship only Thee.

Oh! for a heart of heavenly mould,
Wherein earth's dreams expire,
Where ev'ry hope save one is cold,—
But one that heart's desire.

Whose Altar-fire in secret fed,
Would burn for thee alone,
Till stedfast, pure, and bright, the flame,
Bore incense to Thy throne.

Poor are the joys the world can lend
To satisfy a heart
Which with immortal yearnings pants,
Where Thou, great God hath part.

How can a mind from whence the veil
Is partially withdrawn,
But seek to bask in noonday light,
Nor sleep at hazy dawn?

How can a lip whose thirst has been
Slaked at thy honeyed well,
Again partake of Marah's stream,
Whose waves polluted swell?

The voice which trembled with a song
Of harmony divine,
Can it bear lighter strains along,
Breathe other name than Thine?

Ah! no, for Thee my harp I'll string,
To Thee attune my lay,
Thy love at morn delight shall bring,
And gild the closing day.

A pilgrim, bound for that far land
Where saints bright honours wear,
I'll love Thee on this desert strand,
That I may know Thee there.

And as the weary, stricken dove
Flies panting to her nest,
Oh! may my refuge be Thy love,
My Ark,—my Home,—my Rest!

THE PITCHER PLANT. (i)

“Thou openest Thy hand and fillest all things
living with plenteousness.”

THOU beautiful plant! 'neath a tropical sky
Thy dew-laden branches are gracefully spread,
Thy root in a soil parch'd and arid doth lie,
And sultry the breath which around thee doth sigh
Sweet Child of the Desert! The wayfarer led

By gaily tipp'd wings from afar glancing bright,
With curious eye from the beaten track turns;

But oh ! joy ! faint and wayworn, what rich stores
invite,
To quell the hot fever that's dimming his sight,
What bright nectar flows from thy bounteous
urns !

And sweet to behold in that desolate place
The gathering crowds which by instinct are led ;
Small animals,—birds,—with the bright insect race
Flock thither to quaff from those fountains of grace
The pure draught, by Love in the wilderness
shed.

The traveller gazes with ravish'd delight
On Nature's mechanism so aptly contrived,—
For each stalk, with its tube, and lid pressing tight,
Save when dew falls, or rain-clouds appear in sight,
From whence the sweet bounty is richly derived ;

Then the fibres contract,—the lid opens wide,
And each pendent goblet is filled to the brim ;
Oh ! beautiful forethought ! yes, GOD will provide !
Not one of the thirsting shall droop unsupplied,
Though in the lone desert, with Nature and HIM !

THE SPIRIT'S LIGHT IS SHINING.

'Tis said, the world is darkened
By the cloud of sin and crime,
The gloomy pall is spreading
In every land and clime,
That the vain Babel-builder
For the praise of mankind pining,
Still rears a giant fabric,—
Yet the Spirit's light is shining!

In the den of infamy,
Where dark brooding guilt retires
To gloat o'er its villany,
And fan its demon-fires,
Fed by surrounding darkness,
Which oft aids the soul's refining,
Like the ore within the mine,
There, the Spirit's light is shining!

In the barren wilderness,
Bright verdurous spots are found,
And gems enrich the ocean,
And sweet flowers the arid ground;
The lightning in the tempest
Round the dark rock is entwining,—
Nor need men grope in darkness,
For the Spirit's light is shining!

They stumble on the mountain,
And at noon-day shrink with fear,
They shun the purest fountain,
Yet oft linger thirsting near :
Emotions wake within them,
But their deep source ne'er divining,
They quench each lovely impulse,
Yet the Spirit's light is shining !

In the echoes of the forest,
In the silence of the glen,
In the hum of crowded cities
There's a voice that speaks to men ;
At early morn's heart-stirring hour,
And when day's bright orb's declining—
Above, beneath, oh ! every-where,
Heaven's Spirit-rays are shining !

THE POET.

‘My Father,’ said a bright haired boy unto his
poet-sire,
“Pray tell me what this fame may be which you
so much desire ?

I've loved to mark the brilliant light which gathered
in thine eye,
As some bright thought flashed through thy brain,
like stars along the sky ;
And thy lips have murmured, "golden baits let
worldly spirits claim,
I ask not wealth, 'tis a paltry boon, I only sigh
for fame."

"Then tell me, Father, will this fame you say you'll
one day win,
Restore us to our home again, far from this strife
and din,—
That pleasant home where all the day I twined the
meadow flowers,
And no one chid, or checked my mirth, in those
remembered hours,—
The flower clad cot—the vine wreathed hill—the
streamlet in the glade,
And the little nook so dear, where my Paroquet is
laid ?

"My Father, will it give these back? and oh! more
dear than all—
Unto my gentle Mother's cheek, will it the rose
recall ?

For oh ! much it grieves my childish heart, to see
 how bitter grief
Like the witch's curse has made her life, frail as a
 passing leaf;
Then tell me quickly, will fame bring the light to
 her eye again ?
And I will join my prayer with thine, that the boon
 thou may'st obtain."

The silv'ry tones had ceased to make soft music in
 the air,
But the bright eyes' earnest questioning—the
 thought—the feeling there—
The half closed lip yet quivering, with heart-
 emotion strong,—
Oh ! few could deem so deep a chord would move
 in one so young,
Yet warned the conscious parent that the dazzling
 meed of Fame,
Might ask too great a sacrifice—might feed a fatal
 flame.

Alas ! 'twas but a passing care ; the thoughtful boy
 was told
How much of life is wasted in the sordid thirst for
 gold,—

How clutching, grasping avarice, whose deadly
 toils are spread,
Entwining like the venom'd snake around the
 victim's head,
Debases the most beautiful—most perfect work of
 God,
Till man's proud soul claims kindred with the worm
 that crawls the sod.

But the gift of Poesy, oh! true Promethean fire,
Gave living lustre to the eye, and fed the wild
 desire,
As he eloquently told how Genius wins acclaim,
What glitt'ring honours, bright rewards, are
 wreathed around the name;
“Familiar as an household word,” praised, lauded,
 worshipp'd, sung,
Spread by the trumpet tongue of Fame, till all the
 world hath rung;

Till every heart hath offered up its homage at the
 shrine,
And bent unto an earthly god, endued with lig
 divine;
But “ever most in phantasy” are the bright dreams
 that swell

The rapture of the Minstrel's harp, or with the
Poet dwell;—

Who seeks to make the "praise of men," the first
and highest aim,

Finds aconite pressed in the draught the fevered
lip would claim.

A mute but eager listener the boy impatient stood,
'Twas not the first time he had seen his parent in
such mood ;

The soul's deep aspiration, and the high impassioned
thought,

How they mature the youthful mind that's with
reflection fraught ;

He had no key to all he heard, yet the burning
words had power

To bid ev'n his meek spirit sigh for the Poet's
brilliant dower.

* * * * *

How mutable the scenes of life! what gorgeous
pageant's this?

How the world's gilded baubles lure the wavering
soul from bliss;—

Methought the Poet's prescient mind, a nobler
flight could take,

And for unseen realities, earth's hollow joys forsake ;

Methought his gifted eye could see beneath the
tempting rind,
To shun the "dust and ashes" that in Eastern fruit
we find.

But go, mark well the kindling eye, the full
expansive brow,—
Few years have passed, yet proudly throb those
laurel'd temples now,
And almost haughty is the smile with which the
poet greets
The homage of a noble throng, that round a throne
he meets,
For royalty itself is there, to gild the triumph proud,
And flatter his self-love who moves the idol of the
crowd.

'Tis midnight—in a spacious room the Poet sits
alone,
The glittering symbols of the day's gay rite aside
are thrown
As in disgust, for loosely flung they lie unheeded
there,
In sad and silent mockery of the worn heart's
despair.

Pause we a moment, ere we lift the veil from that
recess
Mortals may not enter, where God alone has
free access,—

The human heart,—whose hopes and fears, whose
joys and griefs should be
A hallowed theme, by no rude hand torn from
their sanctuary;
Respect we then the anguish which these silent
hours reveal,
Which haughty brow, and gaudy smile from the
world's cold eye conceal:
Instinctively the sensitive from "vulgar pity" shrink,
As some turn from a stream impure, though faint-
ing on the brink.

The Poet's early, anxious prayer, was proffer'd not
in vain,
His years of toil had won reward, fame, glory,
was the gain;
Wealth, honours too, unsought for came to crown
his shining lot,
And for a space, a little space, he their high price
forgot,—

But starting from the fevered dream, he woke at
length to find
How unsubstantial's earthly fame, compared with
peace of mind.

True, he had climbed Fame's proudest steep, but
from the dizzy height
To mar the scene, two lowly graves for ever mocked
his sight;—
True he had won the world's applause, but ah!
its sounding breath
Seemed but an echo from the tomb—of voices hushed
in death.
And thus, we weary Heav'n with prayers, that we
some wish obtain,
'Tis given, and lo! like Eden's fruit, it brings
remorse and pain.

But the truly gifted heart, though crushed, Phoenix
like will rise,
Freed from each fleshly chain, prepared for mansions
in the skies;
The storm may rage—th' electric cloud burst on
the doomed head,
It matters not, the sunbeams shine more sweet
the dark hour fled;

And from the storehouse of the mind, no gems
would e'er be won,
If sorrow with her dark eclipse ne'er veiled our
earthly sun.

Then gaze we yet once again, on the Poet's sad-
dened brow,
He wears no proud deceitful mask,—no cold eyes
throng him now;
He, who of old, could still the waves, and bid the
tempest cease,
Hath changed the heart's wild tumult into holiness
and peace;
Through the long midnight vigil with God's "bright
winged Angel nigh,"
His soul hath roamed through boundless space,
hath tracked the starry sky.

A prodigal returning to claim a Father's love,
His erring soul repentant, is watched and wept above;
"A sadder and a wiser man," no gloss deludes
his eye,
But the homely grub appears in the painted butterfly;
On the portraits of his loved ones he can gaze with
less of grief,
In God's most precious promises he seeks and
finds relief.

HAPPINESS.

TRUST not the Syren, though she paint life fair ;
The gilded beacon leads but to despair :
Oh! smoothly spreads the ocean's glassy breast,
We dream of stores hid 'neath its gala vest,
But of the rocks and whirlpools think we not,
Till our own vessel nears the fatal spot.

I seek for "Happiness," says sanguine youth,
And pressing forward joins the ranks forsooth
Of eager candidates, pursuing ever
The ignis fatuus, which they grasp,—ah ! never ;
The smiling phantom but derides our cares,
Mocks at our ardour, and eludes our snares.

"I would be happy," tow'ring manhood cries,
And onwards with the stream impatient hies,
And oft, the glitt'ring speck on 'Time's wave
seems

Prepared to realize his gilded dreams :
But as the keel of his frail bark draws near,
The dazzling cheat will ever disappear.

And hoary age, with Life's decaying fires,
Yet seeks this acme of all men's desires,
 Waits but the passing of a darkling cloud
 To grasp a sunbeam,—lo ! he clasps a shroud :
Vain self-deluders, in this world of strife—
No soil is found that bears the "Tree of Life."

Ye cannot rifle Eden of its stores,
Or bid Heav'n's flowers bloom on our terene shore's ;
 In Paradise,—Eternity alone,—
 The good ye here pursue is fully known,
Then be't your aim, the Kingdom to possess,
And added to ye shall be "Happiness !"

THE ENTHUSIAST.

"The young and classical Sculptor who raised the Statue of Charles the 2nd., placed in the centre of the Royal Exchange, was, in the midst of his work advised by his medical friends to desist, for the energy of his labour, with the strong excitement of his feelings, had already made fatal inroads on his constitution : but he was willing, he said, to die at the foot of his Statue. The Statue was raised, and the young Sculptor, with the shining eye and hectic flush of consumption, beheld it there, returned home and died."—D'ISRAELI.

HE heard fond words of warning
 From Friendship's kindly voice,
But brighter Lopes were dawning
 His spirit to rejoice ;



A fairy realm of light was his
Fraught with imaginary bliss.

And gentle tears were stealing
 To dim his path of light,
And glances mute, appealing,
 To mar his proud soul's might ;
Home ties were sweet,—affection dear,—
Yet might not these check his career ?

In the far off Heavens gleaming
 Bright glitt'ring stars arose,
To nerve him to exertion,
 To bid him slight repose ;
Ever the soul by Genius fired
Toils on, undaunted, and untired.

A sound, as of many waters,
 His o'er wrought spirit cheers,
A sweetly soothing melody,
 “ The music of the spheres ! ”
And sunny morn,—and twilight dim,
Brought back the pleasant sound to him.

And Fame, with radiant finger,
 Was twining round his name
Her starry wreath,—“ Why linger ?
 On, on, the prize to claim ! ”

She whispered,—and his ardent mind
Panted the dazzling meed to find.

Oh! burning zeal inspired him,
The zeal that wins renown,
And proveth Genius heir to
His own immortal crown ;
He rests not, till the race is run,—
The task achieved,—the bright goal won.

Oh! fatal fire, consuming
The young and ardent heart,
What visions bright and blooming
Thy fairy spells impart !
Too bright,—too brilliant e'er to bless
The heart in this dark wilderness.

Yet lovely is thy kindling ray,
And at thy glowing shrine
Bright lamps are feeding day by day
On sustenance divine ;—
Like fiery meteors they come,
Illume the world,—and then consume.

“And I'm content to die,” he said,
“Let but success be mine ;
And Victory, with her garland,
Bend proudly o'er my shrine ;

I heed not where may be my grave,
Let but the Laurel o'er me wave."

The work is done and lauded
By the noble and the proud,
Praised,—honoured,—and recorded
By Fame's "trumpet tongue" aloud;
And blazoned wide his name appears,
Linked with the light of future years.

It is enough,—the Victor's eye
Which beamed unearthly light,
The heart's wild throbbings—strong and high,
The cheeks' flush deep and bright,
Proclaimed the gifted spirit's doom,—
'Twas passing swiftly to the tomb.

THE INDIAN WIFE.

THE lonely wife is bending o'er the husband of her
youth,
Her heart to his was firmly bound by years of
plighted truth;
The love that mocks the world's harsh laws, its
proud distinctions scorns,

Oft flies the rich man's dwelling, but the poor
man's home adorns ;—
And she, a bigot Hindoo's child, abjured her pam-
pered lot,
To share the abject penury of the Chandelah's cot. (j)

Oh! there are points in Nature's laws Philosophy
may scan,
But deep the secret springs lie hid that work
Creation's plan ;
Nor can the learning of the Sage—the wisdom of
the Seer,
Divine the wherefore it is thus—in things which
strange appear :
Then 'trust HIM still,' the Christian cries, " who
doeth all things well,"
Nor doubt all that now dimly shows, the future
fair shall tell.

Believing this, we will not ask the faithful Indian
Wife,
Why she renounced all that to some could cheer
and sweeten life,—
Her home where golden fish would play in mimic
fountains bright,
And song-birds with gay plumage fill the fond
heart with delight ;

The fertile plains, the purling streams, the temples
gorgeous, gay,
The wealth and the magnificence which India's
shores display.

The Ganges, sacred river, which by many a mystic
rite
Is hallowed, dear to the Hindoo's heart, and
pleasant to his sight;—
O'er these the maiden wept not, when she left the
fretted dome,
The marble baths, and stately mosques, a pilgrim
sad to roam,
There was beauty on her ruby lip, and lustre in
her eye,
And her slight form with the antelope's for sym-
metry could vie ;

And beauty dwelt within her heart, a living soul-
felt ray,
Which ardent as her burning clime, could never
pass away.
Alas ! the ravage sorrow makes,—alas ! for beauty's
doom,
The vaunted light of form and face soon seeks
oblivion's tomb ;

Nor in the form that bendeth o'er that lifeless one
of clay,
May the eye trace aught of beauty, save in its wan
decay.

Oh! pining want and haggard woe, insult and
bitter scorn,
With her own proud tribe's contumely her gentle
heart had torn,
For, crime beyond forgiveness, she the shining lucre
spurned,
And clasped unto her bosom the love that stedfast
burned;
And the husband of her choice, one of an outcast
race was found,
The vilest, and most abject that moves on Indian
ground.

Such is the proud decree of men, who in their blind
career,
O'er their suffering, guiltless fellows awhile may
lord it here;
But debarred from idol-temples, (k) no hope in
life or death,
May GOD have mercy on the soul freed from Oppres-
sion's breath!

HE will, the pure and bright in soul, who bear HIS
impress here,
Though man-debased, hereafter shall as glist'ning
stars appear.

Then weep not, ZARA ! o'er thee still a light serene
is shed,
A watchful power that hovers o'er the living and
the dead ;—
Though the lamp that lit thy lonely hearth is
quenched in darkness now,
Which once was bright as the fire-fly's light, gilding
the myrtle bough,
The Christian's hope shall nerve thee, his holy
beautiful faith
Shall lend thy gentle spirit wings to triumph over
death !

Go then, in thy pure devotedness, go, go in thy
trustful love,
Mount the funeral pyre, and hail the flame,—'twill
waft thy soul above.
Oh ! beauty was thine in early day, but a holier
beauty now
Illumines thy dark and lustrous eye, encircles thy
pale sad brow ;

For the eye that beneath the surface glides to the
depths of thy radiant mind,
Will find Beauty there, more rich and more rare,
than the gems in thy land enshrined.

“IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.”

SAILING on a wide, wide ocean,
Troubled waves encompassed me,
Sudden rose a dread commotion
In the dark and turgid sea ;—
Sounds of horror round me ringing,
Dying forms about me clinging;
That hour,—I may not tell its woe—
Those sights—I may not let them go.

On a fragile spar uplifted,
Pitchy darkness bade me fear,
But no voice, the loved, the gifted,
Ever breathed in mortal ear—
Words like these—which floating round me
My fast fleeting senses stayed,
Nerved, o'erwhelmed, supported, soothed me,
“It is I, be not afraid.”

In a dark, dark dungeon lying,
Bound with fetters, harsh and rude,
Frantic laughter,—dismal sighing,—
Hung about my solitude:
By unreal phantoms haunted,
By false friendship's memory daunted,
Imploring death to set me free,
Yet shrinking from Eternity :

Mem'ry goading me to madness,
Ruin,—wretchedness,—and woe,
Filling my lost soul with sadness,
Shrouding Heav'n's transcendent Bow;
Sinking 'neath the world's oppression,
Human power refused me aid,—
Then how sweet the mild confession,
“It is I, be not afraid.”

On a low, low couch reclining,
Clammy fingers press my brow,
Vengeful wrath, and loud repining,
Madly clamour round me now :
Time no gentle respite brings me,
Fever,—famine,—anguish wrings me,
My whirling brain's wild phantasies
Increase my waking miseries.

But am I lonely quite? Ah, no!
Though sweet home,—earthly ties, I've none;
And am I wholly sad? Not so;
My soul her glory has begun,
For now, a voice like that of yore,
As waters rushing evermore,
Is murm'ring from the Vale of Shade—
Lo! "IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID!"

DEATH WITH THE POOR.

LAST night o'er the lowly roofed hut of the poor
The Angel of Death spread his wing,
The Master, the Husband, the Father, no more
Shall toil in the sunlight of spring;
Oh! weary and wayworn, his comfortless bed
He sought at the close of the day,
His tools, and his task, lie about the low shed,
The workman is up, and away!

There is death in the hovel, and grief in the heart,
The true wife is desolate now,
In her utter despair oft the burning tears start,
And agony saddens her brow;

But her children are round her imploring for food,
The cares of a household appear,
With beggary,—famine, so long stoutly withstood,
Her soul's deeper feelings to sere.

She may not recline in the langour of noon
To mourn o'er the past with its bliss,
The mind's gentle world would be darken'd full soon
By the worrying trifles of this :
Oh no ! tis not hers to indulge in her woe,
Tis in action her life must be spent ;
The “luxury of tears” the rich only know,
Thus, their griefs and their sorrows find vent.

Yet mother ! meek mother ! there's comfort for thee
More deep and enduring than theirs,
Though thy heart's pent up anguish no human
eye sees,
For thy weal no human heart cares ;
The strong-hearted dead with the Father in Heaven,
Looks down on thy steadfast career,
As thy trials, thy days, to thee strength shall be
given,
Then mother ! meek mother, ne'er fear.

THE MENDICANT'S CONFESSION.

I passed by a lordly mansion-house,
With a heart opprest with care,
I turned with an eager, wistful eye,
To mark what was passing there ;
Oh! why did I feel such an anxious wish
Thus to learn what was nought to me ?
For I said, the gauds of the rich and proud
Mock the poor in their misery :—
Shortsighted, and selfish, we reason thus,
As the gilded coach rolls by,
Nor pause to know that a heart of woe
May dwell 'neath a radiant eye.

As I stood before an uncurtained room,
In the glitter of wealth arrayed,
I sighed as I thought of the ceaseless gloom
My own wretched home displayed ;
I thought of the weary, wasted hours,
By want and despair consumed,
And I dared to question His decree
Who me to such lot had doomed :
My pulse beat quick, and a maddening thrill
Shot through my bewildered brain,
As the roofless shed, and the crust of bread,
Eaten in fear and earned with pain,

The angry scowl, and the bitter taunt,
And the curses dire and deep
Which welcomed me from my daily rounds,
And broke on my troubled sleep
I pictured then ; and in frenzied mood
I sank on the pavement bare,
And proffered unto the all-wise God,
A wild and impious prayer ;
For methought HIS vial of wrath was poured
On my erring head alone,—
While free and fair, in pomp and glare,
The “ Children of Earth ” pass’d on.

The calm, calm rest of the silent grave,
’Neath the cold, dark wave allured,—
But how could I dare Heav’n’s wrath, and sink
A Suicide !—lost,—abjured ?
In that moment of dread, a low soft voice
In grief’s most harrowing tone,
Thrill’d my lone heart through, as it murmured
thus,
“ My Father ! ”—“ Thy will be done.”
Again I stood at the lamp-lit pane,
Still the gorgeous light was there,
But the trappings gay, the fine array,
No longer could claim my care.

A lady, fair, with a brow of snow,
And a maniac's eye of light,
But Madonna-like, and chastened now,
As in the REDEEMER'S sight
With clasped hands raised, at that Altar knelt,
Where I had a suppliant been ;
But a trembling dread on my spirit fell
As I gazed on this holy scene :—
For though, as in a giant's grasp, it shook
That beautiful, fragile frame,
And though fearful throes told how deep her
woes,
The murmur was still the same,

“ My Friend ! my Father ! Thy will be done.”—
I thought on my own wild prayer,
The one—righteous Abel's offering,
But mine—Cain's rejected care :
That fair being mourned o'er the early doom
Of her first, and only flower,
Just borne to the narrow, and silent tomb,
A bud from Earth's choicest bower :
'Twas all of the loved the dark grave had left,
And enshrined in its inmost part
It dwelt in a light, deep, enduring and bright,
The love of that desolate heart,

Whose sympathies warm, and affections pure,
Were hid like gold in a mine,—
For her haughty lord, with his heart of ice,
Knew not the treasure divine
Which he rudely treated with cold neglect,
Or led with capricious care,
From her gilded cage, that the world might know
His bride was surpassing fair :
And few, as they gazed on that glittering form,
As it moved mid pomp and din,
Would hear the low sigh,—mark the vacant eye
Which spoke the unrest within.

I turned away from the tale I heard,
From the rich man's home I fled,
Nor paused, till with wild foreboding heart
I regained my humble shed ;
For I, like the gentle saint, whose lot
Now awoke the gushing tear,
The first I for long, long years had shed,—
Had a blossom, fair and dear,
And like hers, 'twas my only earthly stay,
The star of my wayward fate.
Prostrate 'neath Thy rod, how merciful God,
I loath'd my degraded state,

When the humbling truth on my conscience smote
To my heart in silence borne,

The hope of the wicked shall not depart,
But the loved of the Lord shall mourn :—
The Angel of Death, my treasure had spared,
But had spread his darkling vest
O'er the lordling's home, and snatched the heir
From its sinless mother's breast :
A two-fold lesson was taught me then,
On that eventful night,—
When my spirit broke the world's stern yoke
And took a "burthen light."

The chariot gay, and the courtly throng,
Have since passed unheeded by,
For I learnt 'neath brocade and flashing gems,
E'en a breaking heart may lie :
I have passed since then by the rich man's home,
But no envy awoke in me,
My heart's evil passions were tamed, subdued
By Christian humility :—
The cup was bitter, but the trial past,
Of the draught that yet remained
I could freely drink, nor a moment shrink,
Though with it my life-blood drained.

I have knelt since then by the tatter'd couch,
Where my worshipped infant lay,

But my idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled,
I gazed but on breathless clay:—
'Twas a fearful test, but my brow was calm,
My once turbulent spirit still,
I resigned my child to the GOD who gave,
Contented to do HIS will;
For I knew the stroke just, and inflicted in love,
To perfect the work begun,
And I saw but the smile of my SAVIOUR the while—
I murmured "Thy will be done."

LOVE THOU.

"Love not, love not,—
The thing you love may die."

THOUGH all that is human to earth must return,
And the dearest and best, in the funeral urn
In darkness enshrouded for ever may lie:
While flowers gem the earth, and the sun gilds
the sky,

Love thou!

Though thy heart throb to bursting, thy spirit
refuse

In the joys of the worldling its sorrows to lose;

Though the gloom of the grave where the loved
 one is laid,
O'er thy heart's brightest thoughts flings a mantle
 of shade,

Love thou !

Yea, let Love be the motto—the watchword—the
 guide,
That shall nerve thee, and arm thee, whate'er
 may betide ;
Though the fair flower may wither, the loved dust
 decay,
And the world's shining vanities vanish
 away,

Love thou !

For the spirit of Love, on light wing shall soar,
Triumphant, exulting, when Time is no more ;
And the bright chain here wove, in one Infinite
 bound,
The pure loved, the true loving, shall circle
 around ;

Love thou !

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I am coming, I am coming,
With a store of precious things ;
Perfumes, sweet as of Arabia,
Breathe where'er I spread my wings ;
Buds are bursting—leaves expanding,
Flora's sweetest gems surround,
Dotting green fields, sprinkling meadows
Blushing in the garden ground.

I am coming, I am coming,
I have burst the giant's chain,
Frost and snow, and ice are speeding,
Vanquished by my sylvan train ;
Ye may track me on the mountain,
Ye may trace me in the dell,
Ling'ring by the pleasant fountain,
Where the softest breezes swell.

I am coming, I am coming,
Tell the old man by the fire,—
Reach his staff, and put his hat on,
He may have his heart's desire ;
He may wander by the streamlet,
It will murmur in his ear,

He may traverse dell and dingle,
Softest verdure will appear.

I am coming, I am coming
Life and Love are in my train,
I have wooed each truant song-bird
From his bright home o'er the main ;
Gentle Zephyrs bear me onward,—
Bahny dews my power expand ;
Skies of azure, beaming beauty,
Smile above my fairy wand.

I am coming, I am coming,
In the pleasant vallies gay,
I am weaving for fair maidens
Lovely coronals for May ;
Not a moment am I idle—
I would cheer each drooping heart,
And with Winter's icy mantle
Bid each gloomy thought depart.

I am coming, I am coming,
Children listen to my voice !
Daisies fair, and cowslips plenty,
Shall your sinless hearts rejoice ;

Gather them to deck your garlands,
Wreath them round each joyous brow ;
Revel in the golden sunbeams—
Ye may laugh at sorrow now.

I am coming, I am coming,
Gilding all things with my ray,
Emblem of a spring eternal,
A future, long unclouded day ;
And oh ! if my transient brightness
Can to the heart such raptures lend,
How will the spirit bear the splendour
Of that bright Spring which ne'er shall end ?

LINES SUGGESTED BY AN INSCRIPTION
IN MILVERTON CHURCH-YARD.

“ Not one of these little ones shall perish.”

PEACE upon earth ;—
Where ? In the far lone spot where childhood sleeps,
The loved, the bright of birth,
O'er whom affection weeps ;
’Tis meet it should be so,—yet gloom
Hovers not o'er so fair a tomb.

No.—Hope is here,
“Waving her golden wand” above the spot,
And Seraph-voices clear
Speak of a brighter lot
The lovely, gentle triad share
In Eden’s mansions ever fair.

Yes! Peace is here,—
Where purity and innocence repose;
A lucid, brief career,
Doomed suddenly to close,
Gave unto Heav’ns refulgent crown,
Two peerless gems of fair renown.

And soon, the third,
A frail and beauteous bud, blighted, grew dim;
Jehovah gave the word—
Forth flew the Seraphim,
And gathered in one hallowed grave
They sweetly sleep, love could not save,

Yet doth it live
An undecaying principle that dwells
In the soul’s depths, to give
Balm to the heart that swells;
When for the loved in sweet employ,
It wins a glimpse of future joy.

These blooming flowers—
Love planted them, to scent with fragrant breath
Through Summer's sunlight hours
The hushed that sleep beneath ;
To emblem forth their beauty, when
They trod the busy haunts of men.

A tribute meet,—
For fresh, and pure, and young, from guile as free,
As holy childhood sweet,
They live in harmony ;
But lo ! the Death-stain mocks their bloom,
And they too, share the darkened tomb.

They sleep for aye ;
A sealed doom is theirs, men o'er them tread,
Heedless of the decay
Around their pathway spread ;
No Seraph-wing shall lustre cast ;
No trump arouse them at the last.

No ! gentle flowers,
Men weep not when ye die, but onward go—
Hoarding for future hours
The deep, deep stream of woe,
Which shed o'er ye, were not in vain—
Ye death-doomed children of the plain.

O'er human flowers
The heavy sigh is heaved,—the tear is shed,
Through weary wasted hours,
Above their lonely bed ;
But ah ! how vain such tear and sigh,
Their life is love—their home the sky.

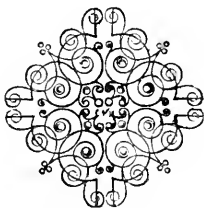
Oh ! mock'ry sad !
Give to the perished dust its late fair form,
Make the now cold heart glad,
Reclaim it from the worm ;
Yea ! win the soul from yon wide, radiant sphere,
And chain it to the narrow pathways here :—

What would ye gain ?
Alas ! nor love, nor gratitude, nor peace ;
The spirit's throbbing pain
On earth would never cease ;
No Angel-lip of earthly founts can drink,
Or prize the bubbles that surround the brink.

The “ still, small voice,”—
How would its tones condemn—its whisp' rings thrill,
The guiltiness of choice,
The selfishness of will,
That bade a worm above its MAKER tower—
And seek to wrest from Him, His wand of power.

No ! mourners no !
Still the spot where lie your dear ones cherish,—
Believe—rejoice to know,
“ Not one of them shall perish ;”
The flower may fade, the marble may decay,
But GOD will claim his own at the GREAT DAY.

END OF THE POETICAL PIECES.



NOTES.

(a) Tasso was confined seven years in the Hospital of Saint Anne, as a lunatic.

(b) Saint Michael's Cave, Gibraltar, "You see around you in beautiful stalagmites, a hundred grotesque forms, some in sitting, some in standing postures, all shrouded in dusky grandeur."

(c) The Crusaders.

(d) Thomas Chatterton was a pupil at the Blue Coat School, Bristol.

(e) All Readers know the result of Chatterton's application to Horace Walpole.

(f) The Muniment Room, Saint Mary's, Redcliffe, Bristol.

(g) "If Shelley were an Atheist, he was an Atheist whom a God might love, and in whom we may perceive a brother; who by the fraternal affection that binds the race together, would point the aspirations of that race upwards, towards whatever is most true, beautiful, sublime and enduring, and if that be not religion, there is no religion on the face of the earth."

(i) "The Pitcher Plant abounds in those stony and arid parts of Java, from which birds and quadrupeds must migrate in search of water, were it not for this remarkable vegetable production. Not merely two, nor three, nor yet ten large pitchers are assigned to each plant, but every leaf-stalk has its own."

(j) The Chandelabs are one of the Tribes of India. "They are outcasts from all the rest, being the children of mixed marriages, &c."

(k) The Chandelah—"The Gates of Jaggernath are shut against him, and he is driven with equal disgrace from the society of men, and the temples of the gods."

C O D I C E M A M M O N I C O .

ERRATA.

Page 23, line 2, read becomes for become.

.. 49, .. 7, .. not for nor.

.. 73, .. 7, .. erratic for erratick.

.. 74, .. 16, .. taints for taint.

.. 85, .. 6, .. pour for pours.

.. 96, .. 15, .. simoon for simoon.

.. 107, .. 16, .. fellowship for friendship.

.. 160, .. 8, .. powers for power.

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S P A R E M O M E N T S ;

OR,

Thoughts in Prose.

SPARE MOMENTS.

“Time wasted is existence,—used is life.”

YOUNG.

“Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are
heard in Heaven.”

YOUNG.

ECONOMY.—Economy is absolutely necessary in every condition of life; it is a duty equally incumbent on the rich as the poor. Where God bestows with a more than ordinarily liberal hand His favours, it is not that man should abuse His bounty, but that of his abundance a little should be spared for those whom Providence has placed beneath him in their earthly destiny; and oh! of what a pleasure do they deprive themselves who make Self the object of their idolatry, and lavishly

expend whole hoards of wealth in egotistical gratifications, yet can turn away unmoved from the heartfelt appeal of the desolate widow, or the piteous cry of the famishing orphan :—alas ! they know not the delight of imparting happiness, of drying the tearful eye, and raising the drooping spirit. Sweet, doubly sweet, is the prospect of happiness to the heart conscious of having been, through Heaven, the humble instrument of its communication.

Economy, even in the minor concerns of life, is also of vast importance : little causes lead to great effects, and prodigality in trifles, must eventually bring want, with its long train of evils.

—o—

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.—How awful is the solemnity which pervades the chamber of death ! Its dull uniformity, its cheerless aspect,—the closely drawn curtains, the dim light,—the silence unbroken and profound ; then the coffin, with its lifeless tenant, whose rigid and icy features so calm,—so still,—so unmoved ; the closed eyelid, the sunken mouth,—all, all strike a gloom into the heart, and impress with awe the beholder. Oh ! who that has once gazed on Life's last scene, can ever forget the impressions there received, or cease to remember his own mortality ?

OUR VILLAGE CHURCH.—How many and dear are the memories which linger round the neat little church of our native village ! There was our first devotional offering made to our God. There we may have wept tears of sacred sorrow over the remains of a dear departed one ; or have stood beside the Holy Altar while the pastor pronounced the nuptial benediction on two loving and lovely beings, bound to us by some interesting and gentle tie. We may wander far and wide, and many a magnificent structure erected for the worship of God may excite our admiration ; many a noble edifice we may behold with reverence ; but far different are the feelings that hallow the remembrance of the little consecrated Temple, rude perhaps, but dear, it may be dearer, than when in days of yore we bent beneath its humble roof the pious knee.



THE SOUL IMMORTAL.—What more impressive conviction can we have of the Soul's immortality than its perpetual unrest on earth ; that sense of "an aching void," which eternity alone can fill ? Those devout and ardent aspirations after some visionary good, which lead the restless spirit to try pursuit after pursuit, follow pleasure after pleasure, till like a child sated with sweetmeats, it turns

palled and disgusted, and is compelled to fly at length to the only resource for such heart-burnings, the Hope of "another, and a better world."

—o—

AFFLICTION.—The deeper we drain the cup of affliction, the nearer we draw to our GOD; and as with patient humility each drop of the bitter draught is received, do we win for ourselves, even on earth, a portion of that "peace which passeth all understanding," with the hope of a glorious reward hereafter: the seeing, and knowing, and enjoying HIM for ever and ever.

—o—

DEATH.—Death is inevitable; all must die! Is it not then better to be acquainted with the road we are to travel? Is it not much better to be prepared for a visitor, than annoyed by his appearance when we least expected, least wished for him? How terrible would it be were death to come to us as a "thief in the night," when overwhelmed with sleep, we could not grapple with our mighty foe, but must necessarily sink, passive and miserable victims into utter and irretrievable ruin. Oh! far better is it, (however hard it may seem to those, who, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of GOD, follow after, and find their chief delight in the gratifications of sense,) to pass here through the furnace of afflic-

tion, to feel those griefs which were at first heavy to bear, prove the gradual, yet sure decay of that hold the world had upon us; and by darkening our eyes to its false lights, open those of our understanding, until we see clearly that Light “which shineth more and more unto the pure and perfect day.”

—o—

LOVE OMNIPOTENT.—To the heart that cherishes an exclusive attachment, nothing more is requisite than the presence, the society of the object of its adoration; the mere consciousness of such vicinity is sufficient; it lends a charm to all around, creating light and beauty, where all before appeared deformity and desolation. The time and place, with all things animate and inanimate, which seemed in those blissful moments to be irradiated by the same spiritual light, identify themselves with its association, and become eternally hallowed and enshrined in the heart of the faithful votary of affection, a memory that will not pass away. An atmosphere uncontaminated, unalloyed by aught less pure than the awful love of the Divinity, breathes around: the world with its chilling cares, its withering griefs, as if by the power of enchantment, are forgotten; for awhile they cease to rankle in the soul, all there is dreamy bliss, and trance-like

joy. The mind dwells not on the past—looks not to the future; beholds but one object—is filled with but one idea. Such feelings spring alone from love's purest essence separated from all the dross that clogs and fetters its earthly nature, affording the wrapt spirit a foretaste while on earth, of that supremacy of bliss enjoyed perpetually by the Saints in Heaven.

—o—

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.—Of all the blessings this world has to bestow, there is not one more truly valuable than a faithful friend; one, who like the Good Samaritan, will abide in the day of adversity, nor flee when sorrow cometh: one in whom the heart's secret thoughts may be confided, and remain there sacred, treasured with care as a valued deposit; regarded not as his own, but the property of another. One who will not hastily condemn, but maturely judge, and mildly reprove errors his conscience forbids him to countenance; who, firm in purpose, would choose rather to bear with patience the unmerited scorn of the being he sought to save, even though his own heart bleed with the bitter taunts and reproaches heaped upon it, than see the friend he loves err from the right way, the path of honour and rectitude, without an attempt, however hopeless, to rescue him from destruction. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend,

but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." Friendship endears life ; it is the enhancer of our joys, the sharer of our sorrows ; without a friend the world is a wilderness, and man a cheerless and solitary being, without an object on which to rest the social and best affections of his nature ; a stranger to the purest, holiest joys in existence ; he is an outcast, an alien, alone in the midst of a vast multitude, for though millions may surround him—though the parasite flatter—the worldling smile—the cringing suppliant bend the knee—'tis all delusion ! deceitful as the kiss of the traitor Judas, they warm the heart but to betray it. Then "trust no man, till thou hast tried him ;" yet be not uncharitable, soon mayest thou learn to distinguish ; "a friend loveth at all times," and when thou hast gained this inestimable treasure, this pearl beyond all price, guard it well ; suffer not a breath to dim the purity of the gem thou hast in possession ; let neither doubt nor danger, sorrow nor sickness, draw thee from him, and he will not forsake thee when thy strength faileth thee, but "through all the changing scenes of life," his firm unshaken faith will afford thee comfort, and thou wilt be rewarded with the soothing of his faithful counsel ; he will be thine, not only through the crooked and thorny paths of this life, but through all Eternity.

BENEVOLENCE ITS OWN REWARD.—What an extatic feeling of fervent admiration pervades a generous mind on beholding or listening to the recital of a noble action! What lively and mingled emotions are thereby engendered; creating on the one hand an almost absorbing sympathy,—on the other, an enthusiastic veneration for the high and exalted feeling which prompts the performance of a humane or heroic deed; awaking with all its energy the virtuous spirit of emulation, a spirit burning to perpetuate its fame, not on the frail and perishable testimony of public applause, but in the glowing and grateful remembrance of hearts capable of appreciating that inestimable virtue, which leads its possessor to do good, simply for the sake of benefitting his fellow creatures. Such philanthropic benevolence is, at all times, its own reward!



YOUTH'S ANTICIPATIONS.—Oh! the visions, the delightful unsullied visions of youth! when panting with numberless joyous anticipations, it looks forward with hope to their realization. In that season of fond fancies how does the heart delight to indulge in imaginary prospects of future felicity; rearing as its own criterion, an invisible standard of human excellence; creating for itself

moments of exalted gratification, when its greatest pleasure is to be derived from a resignation of its own good for the advancement of others, in acts of kindness and affection,—in gentle offices and tender sacrifices. Oh! the exquisite joy which accompanies even the contemplation of a pure and ardent spirit's fairy-formed schemes of bliss! Too often, alas! but visionary phantoms of the imagination, born to gild the sunny period of youth, but serving in after years, only to torture the bosom that vainly cherished their too dear illusions. Alas! that the early aspirings of such a heart should be perverted, its pure hopes sullied, by an after intercourse with a cold and selfish world.



THE NOTHINGNESS OF EARTHLY JOYS.—
Earthly enjoyments have always an alloy; ever is there some lurking venom, which, mingling with the cup of bliss, poisons all our happiness; some dark cloud which overshadows the fairest horizon. Alternately sweet and bitter is the draught of life,—no perfection of bliss!—no fulness of joy! Friendship's ray is dimmed by cruel separation; death, insatiate death, deprives us of those we love when most dear to us; the treasure ardently coveted loses its value on possession. Thus imperfect and unsatisfying are all secular gratifications;

rely not then overmuch on such unstable and vanishing acquirements; regard all earthly things as you must one day be deprived of them. Be grateful for the good thou hast, and repine not at the evil.

—o—

LOVE OF DRESS.—How insignificant and contemptible is an inordinate love of dress! They who delight to deck in gay colours and fantastic apparel the outward and perishable body, care little for the inward adorning of the mind which decayeth not. Still a certain attention even to outward appearance is requisite, for as the butterfly covering denotes a shallow and superficial interior, so likewise do good order and neatness loudly proclaim the spirit of a meek and quiet nature.

—o—

HOPE.—Hope is as superior to despair, as courage to cowardice; virtue to vice. Hope never entirely forsakes the regenerate mind, for though the dark cloud of adversity may for a brief season overshadow its expectations, yet a firm and steady reliance on Divine Providence, will ere long dissipate the gloom, and pious Hope array in its own pure tints the anticipations of a true believer.

—o—

A CALM CONSCIENCE.—Life can boast of few real pleasures, its purest, highest source of delight

arises from the possession of a peaceful conscience, one that can look back upon the past without fear, to the future with hope; which regards time present only as a preparative for eternity; and having continually in view the glories of the invisible world, bends to secular losses and disappointments as conscious of the Omnipotent Hand that guides and directs the affairs of men, from whom we receive good, and shall we not receive evil also? A mind thus happily framed needeth not to resort to the world's evanescent and illusive resources to wean it from itself; no, such a one delights to withdraw from extended circles, to inhale the pure atmosphere of seclusion, to dwell beneath the quiet, hallowed ray, its own peaceful thoughts diffuse around.

—o—

FORGIVENESS.—Who that knows the calm satisfaction enjoyed by a forgiving temper, would ever cherish resentment? The spirit that forgives injuries, obtains for itself a recompense the implacable and unbending never know, in the consciousness of having performed its duty; in the habitual serenity such a mind must necessarily possess; and how frequently is the feeling of hatred happily converted into goodwill, by meeting with kindness and affability in those from whom we might justly have

expected but coldness and aversion. How gratifying to be able, by such simple means, to multiply our friends, and conciliate even our enemies.



HOPE.—Hope is the balsam of Life;—the sun that shines upon our earthly path, and opens to our view a prospect of eternity. Hope is the health of the mind,—the festival of the soul;—it loves in vivid and enchanting colours to array imaginations bright and glowing scenes of happiness to come;—pleasures to be enjoyed,—anticipations to be realized; it smilingly promises the full completion of our wishes, however extravagant they may be. Each day, perchance, may bring some circumstance to convince us of the frailty and deceit of the support we cling to, yet deaf to conviction,—blind to the fallacy of our trust,—still are its illusions sweet, its flatteries dear, and gladly does the human mind turn from the gloom of despair, to welcome “Hope,” the brightest guide that Heaven hath sent to gild the destiny of man.



BEAUTY.—Beauty alone, without the charms of virtue and goodness, mind and manners, to recommend it, may be compared to a lovely flower, which worn with pleasure for a time, is thrown

away with disgust by those who prized it most, when, faded and dimmed, its brilliancy can no longer dazzle the eye, and enslave the fancy. We behold it with the same feelings we would a beautiful statue,—wonder and admiration ;—but in gazing too long the charm dissolves, the spell vanishes, and the eye of the most enthusiastic admirer becomes satiated, and wearied by the sameness and insipidity of the magnet that attracted it, gladly turning from its captivations, to an object perchance less brilliant, less perfect in outward appearance, but inwardly possessing all those graces and virtues, which a refined and delicate mind alone can boast ; finding upon acquaintance,—although the first glance failed to charm,—the beauty of the mind lends an inexpressible charm to every feature ; winning respect and esteem, and attaching the heart by a power more durable, a spell, stronger and more binding, than that, which captivated by external loveliness alone, decays with, or even before, the fleeting and vain shadow it worshipped.

Personal beauty is by no means despicable when we find it united with more solid and durable qualities—those inestimable possessions that adorn and dignify the human character. Beauty of mind and person combined, is indeed irresistible, and callous must be the heart that can withstand their

united power. A mind lovely as the casket that enshrines it, is indeed perfection, if it can be found on earth.

—o—

HOME.—Our last resting-place, our final home is Heaven: but wherever the heart with its thoughts, feelings and affections is centered, there is our earthly home. What cheers the sailor in the darkness of the night, when tossed on the foaming billow? or the soldier on the battle-field, fainting from fatigue, wearied with exertion? it is the thought of home; of the anxious and affectionate hearts that await his return with smiles of welcome—tears of joy. Alas! how mistaken is he who seeks in the broad paths of the world, that happiness which can only be found in the narrow circle of affection! What sight so brilliant as the eye which is lighted with joy at his approach, or what sound so musical as the voice which love attunes to sweetest harmony? Home! there is a magic in the word! how endeared is its memory, entwined with the heart's purest, holiest associations; the haven of its earthly hopes; for surrounded by the busy turmoil of the world, the spirit turns to it as to a refreshing stream, from whose pellucid source may be won the sweetest, best, and truest portion of temporal happiness.

Precious are the joys of home ; nay, its very sorrows are but the means of increasing and drawing into sympathetic union the bonds of true affection, whose hallowed and holy ties, form each a connecting link of that bright chain which extends beyond the grave.

—o—

SOLITUDE.—It is not solitude to be alone ; the heart often feels more lonely in the midst of a crowd, than in the solemn stillness of a desert's gloom. Silence is sweetly welcome to meditation, when contemplating with awe and gratitude, the wondrous gifts of GOD, the boundless beauties of nature ; the soul raised towards Heaven longs to burst the fetters that confine it here, and explore the unknown regions of Eternity. The spirit fluttering with holy joy in its clayey tenement, beholds through the eye of faith, glories unrevealed, and bends in adoration before that Divine Being whose Almighty Hand formed the countless orbs of night, the Great Creator of unnumbered worlds, whose power, too vast for human comprehension, too high for human knowledge, yet displays itself in the meanest things of earth, and wafts thy name, O GOD ! in every breeze.

If the mind that dwells on such exalted topics, can descend to temporal objects, then how dear to

affectionate memory are such moments, moments which leave thought at liberty to wander uncontrolled through the mazy labyrinths of by-gone scenes ; to trace the fairy visions of the past, and with a fond minuteness, linger long o'er joys whose vernal bloom hath long been blighted,—but fresh, still fresh, and fair, and dear, to stedfast faith, and unestranged affection.

Can it be solitude to commune with a friend? Ah, no! this the society a warm heart covets: oh! then at such times, in such reveries, may we not sweetly dream congenial spirits often meet? that at the very time thought has winged its way through dividing space, it is arrested on its course, by that of some well-beloved, and distant friend? Such the joys of Solitude! oh! solitude hath charms the gay, the careless and light-hearted reck not of, for worse than a mockery is the power which chains the body in a crowd, the tongue in vain conversation, while the heart, the imagination is far, far away.



LOVE.—Love can sweeten the coarsest viands, and render palatable the most humble food; it is the wealth of the heart, and he who is rich in the smiles of affection need not envy the proudest monarch; his empire is established on a surer foun-

dation than the voice of the multitude ; of his treasure the treachery of the world can never bereave him ; the breath of slander serves but to fan into a purer flame the fire of love. Let love then be the beacon to guide the wanderer home, the ray that illumines the domestic hearth, and the trials of life will lose half their bitterness,—its arrows be blunted ; for though storms and tempests may assail him, tenderness and sympathy will disarm them of their fury, and scatter sweetest flowers over the rough and rugged path of life.

—o—

GENIUS.—So peculiarly is the gifted mind endowed, that it creates ideal beauty : its world is calm, pure, and bright ; but alas ! with this keen perception of the beautiful is also implanted an unconquerable distaste for the ordinary things of this life ; its wayward passions and rugged paths affright the dreamer, and the pure spirit of Genius longs to be away, realizing its visionary hopes, and treading the trackless paths of its native sphere.

—o—

SELF DENIAL.—I cannot conceive there can be any merit attached to that individual, who shunning the world and its ways, lives purely and uprightly because its pursuits please him not, and its

pleasures fail to charm ; like the rest of mankind his aim is selfish ; he seeks happiness, though with a much better prospect of reward for his pains, than the ambitious aspirant, the gay trifler ; or, the busy, scheming, plodding worldling.—The magnanimity of living in the world, yet above its too powerful and enticing allurements lies in doing so from conscientious motives, in a resignation not of what we do NOT love, but what we really and truly regard ; from a conviction that the unrestrained indulgence of our inclinations, though it may afford a temporary gratification, will ultimately lead to results detrimental to our everlasting peace : such self-denial is, indeed, meritorious.



HAPPINESS.—There is happiness, which, like real grief, is silent ; expressed neither in loud and noisy mirth, nor in extravagant gestures, but felt, deeply felt, in the inmost bosom, whose heart throbbing with gratitude to the Great Author of its bliss, fails not even in the first moments of overwhelming delight, when visible and temporal objects would alone engage the attention of an ordinary mind, to offer incense on that altar which burneth in secret ; whose vapour ascending through surrounding mist, reacheth even to the presence of that Divine and Beneficent Being, from whom cometh “every good and perfect gift.”

WOMAN'S DEVOTEDNESS.—How deeply do they err who affirm the beauty of woman to be her highest attribute! If such were the case, how worthless would she be, when time, sorrow or sickness, had deprived her of its bloom. Let such an one behold her in the various relations of life—in the performance of her social duties, in the most becoming, though limited sphere of home, where she must ever shine to greatest advantage; there she labours to promote the happiness of others, in the gay crowd she seeks her own. Behold her as she anxiously watches the feverish and restless slumbers of a suffering dear one; what solicitude is depicted on her countenance, how noiseless are her movements, scarce does she breathe, lest the slightest noise should mar the perturbed repose of the loved object of her care. With what tender anxiety does she administer the prescribed medicine, while her heart offers on high a prayer that its virtues, through Heaven's blessing, may restore the invalid. To her eye, a look will suffice to tell the want, which affection gratifies ere the lip can utter its request; her grief breaks not forth in lamentations, spends not itself in tears, and though anguish, deep, unutterable, is the inmate of her bosom, it is perceptible only in the meek and expressive look of intense anxiety with which her

sweet, pale face is invested ; she would not by a display of her own suffering, increase that of her charge. Reckless of self, she heeds not danger, courts not repose, but with unwearied watchfulness continues at her post though her life be the sacrifice ; the most devoted of all devoted beings !

—o—

THE RE-UNION OF THE REDEEMED.—Concerning the preservation of our identity in another world ; so sweet, so consoling is the idea that we shall know, and be known, even as in this, the mind would not willingly part from it. The anticipation of a re-union of kindred spirits freed from all the “ills which flesh is heir to,” from all the cares and troubles that chequer our mortal pilgrimage, and deprive us of the enjoyment of that perfect happiness which can only be obtained in Heaven ; enables us to bear with patience and resignation, sorrow and sickness, and cheers us on our way to the dark and narrow tomb. In favour of this belief, we have in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, their and Abraham’s mutual recognition. Also, in the Transfiguration of our Lord, Moses and Elias appeared in their original state ; it is supported too by pious and learned men of all ages, not only of the past, but also the present enlightened one. We cannot indeed tell, this remains

a mystery we would vainly seek to unravel, how, or in what manner this is to be effected, for we read, "in a moment we shall be changed," and "as we have borne the image of the earthy, so also we shall bear the image of the Heavenly."—Fruitless would be our attempts to seek to fathom the secret and unrevealed purposes, of the OMNISCIENT and All-wise DISPOSER of events. Let us, then, endeavour to rest content with the limited knowledge afforded us, and bow with reverence and humility to HIS pleasure, placing our whole hope of happiness, temporal and eternal, on that rock which cannot be moved,—the everlasting "Rock of Ages."

How delightful, how transporting the reflection, to friends separated by the ever recurring, and untoward events of this mortal life, that their friendship begun here, perhaps in sorrow, will be perpetuated in a joyful hereafter; that their misery in separation, will be but for a few years which will quickly pass away, but their felicity in after-meeting will remain through the endless ages of eternity, in that blessed abode, where tears will be wiped from all eyes, and sin and sorrow cannot enter.

Let the earthly mourner then continue patient in well doing, looking forward with humble hope

to that day when no longer seeing through a glass darkly, all the brightness of the Glory of God shall be revealed; and all that now appears to our darkened sight, dim and impenetrable, shall vanish as the morning mist, and become, through the tender mercies of our God, to our spiritualized and incorporeal sense, unobscured and clear as the noon-day.

What a bliss-fraught anticipation to those, who, in this wilderness of thorns and briars, have delighted to hold sweet converse together! who, animated by one hope, have cemented their bond of union by the closest and most enduring tie; who see through faith in their Redeemer, the realization of all their anxious hopes and expectations, in the existence of that perfect and immutable state of being where in an union with all that constituted their bliss on earth, they may, purified from its dross, cleansed from its defilements, appear before the throne of the Omnipotent, and join the host of Heaven, in worship thanksgiving and praise to HIM, "that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever."



AUTUMN.—The season is dreary; all nature looks gloomy and desolate; the grass retains not its summer freshness; flowers, the late beautiful

flowers are drooping, withering, all their beauty and brilliancy gone,—soon will they pass from the view and be forgotten. The sky is lowering, a dense mist pervades the atmosphere, a mist the bright rays of the sun cannot disperse, its brightness is hid from our view ;—yellow leaves thickly strew our path, which seem in their blighted and fallen state to be silently lamenting the sad change they have experienced, from beauty to blight, from life to death ; speaking forcibly to the hearts of the young—“ Be not vain of your charms fair daughters of earth, for though your brow outvie the radiant lily, your cheek wear the bloom of the rose, though your eyes be sparkling as the lustrous gems that encircle the diadem of an Eastern princess, though matchless be your attractions, set not too high a value upon them, for soon, alas ! will the cold chilling breath of Autumn despoil your fascinations, and take from you the light, the loveliness of youth.”—Never do I see the pale, pensive leaves of autumn thickly scattered on the ground, or hear the melancholy winds sighing around them, but it reminds me of the bereaved living mourning over the graves of departed dear ones.

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RELIGION.—Religion is the source of all good. All the real happiness we can enjoy has its origin

in true, genuine piety :—the mind that possesses it, has a resource in sorrow, a comfort in affliction ; it calms the tempestuous sea of Life, and smooths the thorny-bed of Death ; it endears with a more than earthly power those to whom we are bound by the tie of nature or affection, their beloved idea is in every hope—every aspiration—accompanying us in our prayers to the footstool of divine grace, and sharing our imaginative views of the holy and unspeakable joys of eternity.

Piety teaches us not only our duty to God, but to mankind, to ourselves, universal love, in which is comprised our whole duty to man, for what we love we can never injure ; in our own breasts it implants a true and just appreciation and practice of all virtue. Without religion, the mind of man is incapable of the pure enjoyment of a single pleasure ;—he revels not in “ Hope,”—is blind to “ Faith,”—knows not “ Charity.” Gross are his joys, sensual his gratifications ; his mind is as a dark and barren waste, uncheered by the sun’s reviving beams, unwatered by the kindly dews of Heaven.

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DISAPPOINTMENTS.—Why should we grieve and vex ourselves at the trivial disappointments, and trifling vexations of this life ? Were all our

hopes founded in reality, all our wishes gratified, this world would become too attractive; we should cling to it with too much tenacity, and never wish to leave it; therefore it is our God in wisdom withholds from us what we mostly wish for, that our inability to obtain the desired object, may teach us our own insufficiency, and lead us to a firmer reliance on HIS power; so, that by loosing the chain that binds us to the things of earth, we may more anxiously seek HIS favour, and purified by sorrow, be more fit to appear before HIM in “the Day of Grace.”

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MEMORIALS.—With what a pleasing sadness, what a melancholy pleasure does affection in after years greet each memorial, however slight, that awakens the remembrance of the long fledged, but never to be forgotten past. As we gaze on the gift, the hand that proffered it seems again with kindly feeling to press our own,—the eye again beams on us with affection,—every feature becomes palpable to the view; the deep tones of the voice vibrate in our ears, and awaken in our hearts, thoughts that may awhile have slumbered, but can never die.—Pleasing associations, tender recollections, busily crowd around, till saddened by the retrospect we turn from its delusions with a sigh,

a tear of regret, that aught so pure, so beautiful, so far removed from guile, so nearly allied to Heaven as the bright dreams of youth, should so quickly pass away.



THE FRAILITY OF LIFE.—Existence is a type of all things most frail ; we compare it to a flower, a shadow, a sunbeam. It is even as a small speck on the wide ocean,—as a light cloud which flits rapidly across the sky at eventide ; we gaze upon them, they are gone ! We calculate upon life, health, strength, and lo ! the fiat is gone forth, and in a moment they flee, and we become as clods of the valley,—a heap of mouldering dust !



SYMPATHY INVALUABLE.—In the season of sickness, in the hour of anguish, how much more than all the efforts of a Physician, can an expression of commiseration—a glance of sympathy—or a kindly pressure of the hand, convey comfort to the sufferer. It is not the nauseous draught, or bitter pill, apathetically administered at stated periods, that can alone soothe the agonies of expiring nature ; but the smoothing of a pillow for the weary head, the wiping the perspiration from the pallid brow, or moistening the parched lips with even a drop of cold water,—for these things the grateful heart shall bless you in the hour of Death.

PIETY.—The heart where true piety reigns, where it is the mainspring which actuates and impels every action will seldom err : it is the foundation of every virtue, and wherever we find it in genuine purity, we may be certain of the real worth of its possessor. A truly religious man will discharge faithfully all the duties of life.

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VIRTUE.—How doth virtue disarm of their sting, the otherwise deadly arrows of calumny. The virtuous mind though it may deplore and lament the malice of its enemies, can still smile at the wicked arts, and malevolent intentions of those, who, possessing no merit themselves, would seek to drag to their own level the purity they envy, without desiring to emulate.

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HAPPINESS.—True happiness exists not in the noise and tumult of a crowded city,—dwells not in the pomp and splendour of a court : often does a jewelled vest conceal an aching heart,—and an ermined robe enwrap a troubled spirit. In the more quiet and secluded walks of life is happiness mostly to be found, the calm inmate of a peaceful conscience, the true companion of a virtuous heart. Humility and meekness will go farther towards obtaining it, than the haughty and high look of

the proud. It is a treasure too valuable for wealth to purchase, yet is it bestowed on the lowly inhabitant of a cottage.

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FRIENDSHIP.—“I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;” what a sweet assurance, what a blessed promise; how efficacious in calming the troubled fears, and chasing the pearly drops from the eyes of the desolate in heart, the bereaved in spirit, who, mourning over the faithlessness of an earthly friend, and deploring in bitter grief and despair, its own loneliness in the deprivation, hears itself thus addressed, thus encouraged, in the inspired Language of Scripture, by HIM who standeth fast for ever, and will be to all HIS faithful followers, “a shadow from the heat, a refuge from the storm.”

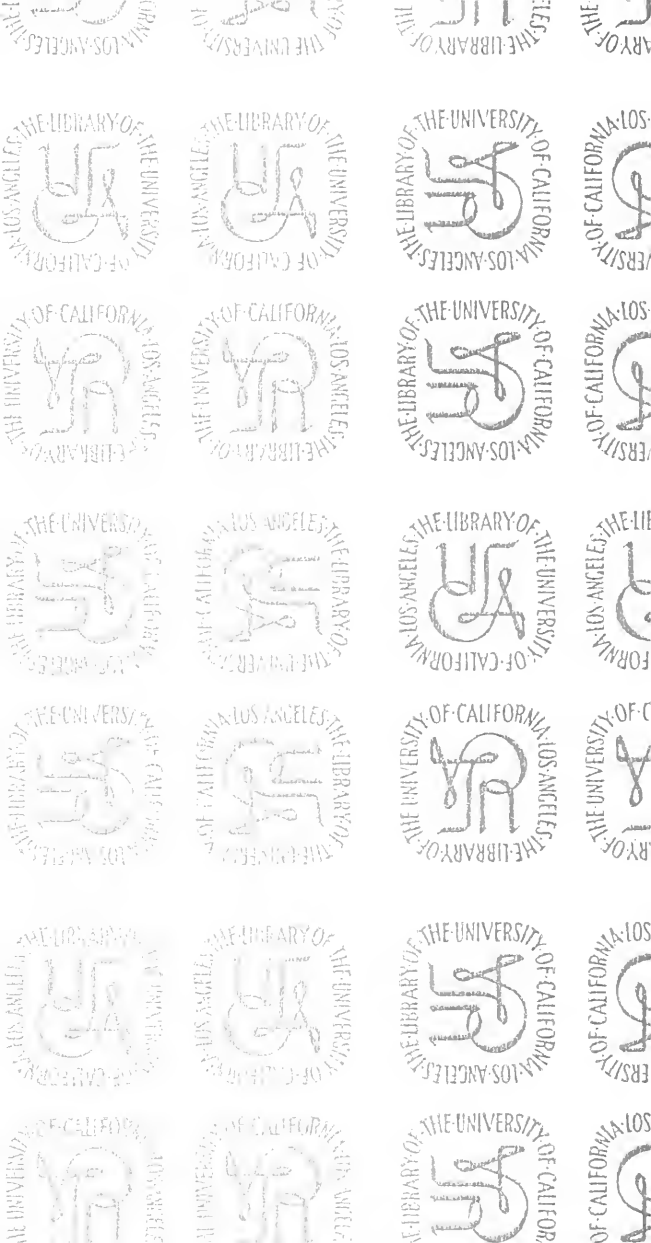
Thou mourner for departed joys, joys which fled with the treachery of thy friend, dear to thee as the apple of thine eye, cherished as the loved companion of thy pilgrimage through this vale of tears, I will not tell thee, unworthy though he be, to banish his remembrance from thy heart; to drown in oblivion past happiness, or seek in the gay and busy world, a new, and perhaps faithfuller friend; such words are but mockery to a troubled spirit, idle and useless, only wounding the heart they care not to

heal; taunting as the cold world, which may seem to heed thy sorrow, but, passing onward remembers it no more. Vainly do we seek to obliterate the memory of what we have once loved; neither time, change, nor circumstance can efface it; for as a mother loves with devotion the child she has nurtured and tended in infancy, so does a firm mind retain in after years its early predilections, and cling with unchanging faith to its former feelings and affections, long will they be even reverentially cherished;—then would I say to the drooping, let thy regret be tempered with moderation, thy grief chastened by hope, let not utter despair encompass thee, thou hast lost an earthly friend, but “Faith” will lead thee to trust in a Heavenly one: thou art stricken but not forsaken; thy God will be with thee if thou resist not His gracious invitation, “Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;” whom HE loveth, He chasteneth; if therefore, thou confidest in HIM who careth for thee, and with a meek heart, and lowly mind, earnestly seek in the day of affliction Divine aid, then wilt thou find rest unto thy soul, and be filled with that peace which passeth all understanding.

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